



*The Poems of
William Wordsworth*

COLLECTED READING TEXTS
FROM
THE CORNELL WORDSWORTH

EDITED BY JARED CURTIS

IN THREE VOLUMES

AN AFFORDABLE COLLECTED WORDSWORTH
IN THE CORNELL TEXTS

EBOOKS FROM HUMANITIES-EBOOKS
& PAPERBACKS FROM TROUBADOR

Introducing ‘The Cornell Wordsworth’ from HEB

Published in the years 1975 to 2007 the 21 volumes of ‘The Cornell Wordsworth’ have set the scholarly standard for Wordsworth’s texts, yet few students or general readers, and only a minority of scholars, are likely to own these costly library editions. Now, in *The Poems of William Wordsworth: Collected Reading Texts from the Cornell Wordsworth* (3 vols), Jared Curtis has collected the reading texts from all 21 volumes, making the poetry available to students, teachers and general readers in the form the poet gave it when first published or first completed.

At the same time, Professor Curtis has compiled an essential tool for the scholarly user of the 21 volumes of the Cornell Wordsworth, a *Supplement* which contains a unified index to titles and first lines for the entire series, a guide to the hundreds of manuscripts treated in the twenty-one volumes, and a comprehensive list of the contents of Wordsworth’s many lifetime editions, together with tabulated errata and appendices.

The Poems of William Wordsworth Volume 1

794 pages. Including *Early Poems and Fragments*, *Lyrical Ballads*, and *Poems, in Two Volumes*.

Ebook: 978-1-84760-085-1. Paperback: 978-1-84760-089-9

The Poems of William Wordsworth Volume 2

794 pages. Including *The Prelude* (1805-1806), *The Excursion*, and *Translations from Chaucer and Virgil*.

Ebook: 978-1-84760-086-8. Paperback: 978-1-84760-090-5

The Poems of William Wordsworth Volume 3

828 pages. Including *Shorter Poems (1807–1820)*, *The Prelude* (1824–1829) and *Last Poems*.

Ebook: 978-1-84760-087-5. Paperback: 978-1-84760-091-2

The Cornell Wordsworth: A Supplement

448 pages, Royal Octavo.

Ebook: 978-1-84760-088-2, Hardback: 978-1-84760-092-9

How to buy these Volumes

The 3 volumes of
*The Poems of William Wordsworth:
Collected Reading Texts from The Cornell Wordsworth*

and

The Cornell Wordsworth: A Supplement

are available as follows:

As Personal Ebooks

Direct from <http://www.Humanities-Ebooks.co.uk>

As Library Ebooks

From <http://www.MyiLibrary.com>

As Printed Books

Direct from <http://www.Troubador.co.uk> at major discounts

*The Poems of
William Wordsworth*

COLLECTED READING TEXTS
FROM
THE CORNELL WORDSWORTH SERIES

VOLUME III

EDITED BY JARED CURTIS

Contents

Preface	7
Acknowledgements	9
Note on the Text	9
<i>Early Poems and Fragments, 1785–1797</i>	11
<i>An Evening Walk</i> (1793)	82
<i>Descriptive Sketches</i> (1793)	97
<i>Adventures on Salisbury Plain</i> (1795–1799)	123
<i>The Borderers</i> (1797)	151
<i>The Ruined Cottage and The Pedlar</i> (1798, 1803–1804)	
<i>The Ruined Cottage</i> (1798)	270
<i>The Pedlar</i> (1803–1804)	286
<i>Lyrical Ballads, and Other Poems, 1797–1800</i>	
<i>Lyrical Ballads and Other Poems</i> (1798)	312
<i>Lyrical Ballads and Other Poems, in Two Volumes</i> (1800)	377
Other Poems, 1798–1800	476
<i>Peter Bell, a Tale</i> (1799)	487
<i>The Prelude</i> (1798–1799)	530
<i>Home at Grasmere</i> (1800–1806)	558
<i>Poems, in Two Volumes, and Other Poems, 1800–1807</i>	
<i>Poems, in Two Volumes</i> (1807)	587
Other Poems, 1800–1807	718
Notes	760
Index to Poems	770

Contents of Volumes II and III

Volume II

<i>The Prelude</i> (1805–1806)	11
<i>Benjamin the Waggoner &c</i> (1806)	250
<i>The Tuft of Primroses</i> , with Other Late Poems for <i>The Recluse</i> (1808–1828)	
<i>The Tuft of Primroses</i>	274
<i>To the Clouds</i>	291
<i>St. Paul's</i>	292
<i>Composed when a probability existed of our being obliged to quit Rydal Mount as a Residence</i>	294
<i>The Excursion</i> (1808–1814)	
<i>The Excursion</i> (1814)	298
<i>The Peasant's Life</i>	568
<i>The Shepherd of Bield Crag</i>	570
<i>The White Doe of Rylstone; Or the Fate of the Nortons. A Poem</i> (1808)	572
Translations of Chaucer and Virgil (1801–1831)	
<i>Chaucer: The Prioress's Tale</i>	635
<i>Chaucer: The Cuckoo and the Nightingale</i>	643
<i>Chaucer: Troilus and Cressida</i>	654
<i>Chaucer: The Manciple (from the Prologue) and his Tale</i>	659
<i>Virgil: Aeneid</i>	667
<i>Virgil: Georgics</i>	751

Volume III

Shorter Poems (1807–1820)	11
<i>The Prelude</i> (1824–1829)	157
Sonnet Series and Itinerary Poems (1820–1845)	
<i>The River Duddon. A Series of Sonnets</i>	380
<i>Ecclesiastical Sketches</i>	400
<i>Memorials of a Tour on the Continent, 1820</i>	463
<i>Yarrow Revisited, and Other Poems, Composed (two excepted) during a Tour in Scotland, and on the English Border, in the Autumn of 1831</i>	509
<i>Sonnets Composed or Suggested during a tour in Scotland, in the Summer of 1833</i>	529
<i>Memorials of a Tour in Italy. 1837</i>	569
<i>Sonnets upon the Punishment of Death. In Series</i>	602
<i>Sonnets Dedicated to Liberty and Order</i>	609
Last Poems (1821–1850)	616

Preface

The Cornell Wordsworth series, under the general editorship of Stephen Parrish, began appearing in 1975. Through controversy and acclaim, the editions have steadily appeared over three decades, coming to completion in 2007 with the publication of the twenty-first volume—an edition of *The Excursion*—and a supplementary volume of indexes and guides for the series. The purpose of this edition is to collect all of the earliest complete reading texts garnered from the twenty-one volumes in the series.

The earliest records of Wordsworth’s poetic composition date from 1785, when he was fifteen years old, and the latest date from 1847, when he was seventy-seven. In the interim he composed hundreds of poems, thousands of verses, not all of which reached—or survived in—a “completed” state. All of those that did are included here. If William Butler Yeats was remarkable for reinventing his poetic self, Wordsworth might be said to have constantly “revisited” his. Three of his lyrics bear the revealing sequential titles, “Yarrow Unvisited” (1803), “Yarrow Visited” (1814), and “Yarrow Revisited” (1831). In the first, the poet-traveler prefers his imagined Yarrow—the Yarrow of Scots balladeers Nicol Burne, John Logan, and William Hamilton—to the physical one. In the second, the “genuine” Yarrow engenders an image that

Will dwell with me—to heighten joy,
And cheer my mind in sorrow.

And the third pays tribute to his friend and fellow poet, Walter Scott, with whom he toured the Yarrow valley before the ailing Scott departed for Italy: in this time of “change and changing,” prays that the valley maintain its power to restore “brightness” to “the soul’s deep valley.” Significant threads of Wordsworth’s development as a poet are embodied in these three elegiac tributes. They are all written in a ballad stanza that Wordsworth borrowed and adapted from the older Scots poets. A glance through the pages of this volume will illustrate the varied verse forms the poet adopted and transformed over his long career. Obvious favorites were his own meditative style of blank verse and the sonnet in its various guises. But he employed a variety of meters, stanzaic patterns, and rhyme schemes in producing poems ranging from ballads to autobiography, satirical squibs to verse romance, from epitaphs to royal tributes. The methods, too, of the three “Yarrows” are instructive. The primacy of the imagination is sug-

gested in the poet's reluctance to visit the famed valley; upon visiting the place, the poet's response is to preserve it in memory as a "spot of time" to bind his days, "each to each" as a remedy for future sorrow; and on revisiting the valley he acknowledges that sorrow and attempts to recharge the healing power of memory.

Another example of "revisiting" can be found in the restless energy that Wordsworth displayed over his entire writing life in composing sonnets, both singly, as apparently instant responses to present scene, public event, or personal history, and in series, building both narrative and argument through this highly adaptive form. And, occupying the center of this metaphor are the several attempts to write the story of his inner life as a poet, here represented in the three versions of *The Prelude*.

Annotation is confined largely to reproducing the notes Wordsworth published with his poems. Editorial commentary has been kept to a minimum, given the rich resource in each of the Cornell Wordsworth volumes, leaving room instead for the poetry. For information about the source of the text, its compositional history, its textual and interpretive annotation, and its social and historical context, the reader is referred to the appropriate volumes in the series, cited in the editor's notes at the end of each volume.

The Complaint of a Forsaken Indian Woman

[When a Northern Indian, from sickness, is unable to continue his journey with his companions; he is left behind, covered over with Deer-skins, and is supplied with water, food, and fuel if the situation of the place will afford it. He is informed of the track which his companions intend to pursue, and if he is unable to follow, or overtake them, he perishes alone in the Desert; unless he should have the good fortune to fall in with some other Tribes of Indians. It is unnecessary to add that the females are equally, or still more, exposed to the same fate. See that very interesting work, Hearne's *Journey from Hudson's Bay to the Northern Ocean*. When the Northern Lights, as the same writer informs us, vary their position in the air, they make a rustling and a crackling noise. This circumstance is alluded to in the first stanza of the following poem.]

The Complaint, &c.

Before I see another day,
 Oh let my body die away!
 In sleep I heard the northern gleams;
 The stars they were among my dreams;
 In sleep did I behold the skies, 5
 I saw the crackling flashes drive;
 And yet they are upon my eyes,
 And yet I am alive.
 Before I see another day,
 Oh let my body die away! 10

My fire is dead: it knew no pain;
 Yet is it dead, and I remain.
 All stiff with ice the ashes lie;
 And they are dead, and I will die.
 When I was well, I wished to live, 15
 For clothes, for warmth, for food, and fire;
 But they to me no joy can give,
 No pleasure now, and no desire.
 Then here contented will I lie;
 Alone I cannot fear to die. 20

Elegiac Verses

IN MEMORY OF MY BROTHER, JOHN WORDSWORTH, COMMANDER OF
THE E. I. COMPANY'S SHIP THE EARL OF ABERGAVENNY, IN WHICH HE PER-
ISHED BY CALAMITOUS SHIPWRECK, FEB. 6TH, 1805¹

Composed near the Mountain track, that leads from Grasmere
through Grisdale Hawes, where it descends towards
Patterdale.

1805

i.

The Sheep-boy whistled loud, and lo!
That instant, startled by the shock,
The Buzzard mounted from the rock
Deliberate and slow:
Lord of the air, he took his flight; 5
Oh! could he on that woeful night
Have lent his wing, my Brother dear,
For one poor moment's space to Thee,
And all who struggled with the Sea,
When safety was so near. 10

ii.

Thus in the weakness of my heart
I spoke (but let that pang be still)
When rising from the rock at will,
I saw the Bird depart.
And let me calmly bless the Power 15
That meets me in this unknown Flower,
Affecting type of him I mourn!
With calmness suffer and believe,
And grieve, and know that I must grieve,
Not cheerless, though forlorn. 20

¹ WW published the poem in 1815; it is in part made up of stanzas from the elegy preceding it.

The Prelude (1805–1806)¹

BOOK FIRST

INTRODUCTION, CHILDHOOD AND SCHOOL TIME

Oh there is blessing in this gentle breeze
 That blows from the green fields and from the clouds
 And from the sky: it beats against my cheek
 And seems half conscious of the joy it gives.
 O welcome Messenger! O welcome Friend! 5
 A Captive greets thee, coming from a house
 Of bondage, from yon City's walls set free,
 A prison where he hath been long immured.
 Now I am free, enfranchis'd and at large,
 May fix my habitation where I will. 10
 What dwelling shall receive me? In what Vale
 Shall be my harbour? Underneath what grove
 Shall I take up my home, and what sweet stream
 Shall with its murmurs lull me to my rest?
 The earth is all before me: with a heart 15
 Joyous, nor scar'd at its own liberty
 I look about, and should the guide I chuse
 Be nothing better than a wandering cloud
 I cannot miss my way. I breathe again;
 Trances of thought and mountings of the mind 20
 Come fast upon me: it is shaken off,
 As by miraculous gift 'tis shaken off,
 That burthen of my own unnatural self,
 The heavy weight of many a weary day
 Not mine, and such as were not made for me. 25
 Long months of peace (if such bold word accord
 With any promises of human life)
 Long months of ease and undisturb'd delight

¹ For the source of the reading text and the editor's commentary see *The Thirteen-Book "Prelude,"* ed. Mark L. Reed, 2 vols. (1999).

Are mine in prospect: whither shall I turn
 By road or pathway or through open field, 30
 Or shall a twig or any floating thing
 Upon the river, point me out my course?
 Enough that I am free; for months to come
 May dedicate myself to chosen tasks;
 May quit the tiresome sea, and dwell on shore, 35
 If not a settler on the soil, at least
 To drink wild water, and to pluck green herbs,
 And gather fruits fresh from their native bough.
 Nay more, if I may trust myself, this hour
 Hath brought a gift that consecrates my joy; 40
 For I, methought, while the sweet breath of Heaven
 Was blowing on my body, felt within
 A corresponding mild creative breeze,
 A vital breeze which travell'd gently on
 O'er things which it had made, and is become 45
 A tempest, a redundant energy
 Vexing its own creation. 'Tis a power
 That does not come unrecognis'd, a storm,
 Which, breaking up a long continued frost
 Brings with it vernal promises, the hope 50
 Of active days, of dignity and thought,
 Of prowess in an honorable field,
 Pure passions, virtue, knowledge, and delight,
 The holy life of music and of verse.
 Thus far, O Friend! did I, not used to make 55
 A present joy the matter of my Song,
 Pour out, that day, my soul in measur'd strains,
 Even in the very words which I have here
 Recorded: to the open fields I told
 A prophecy: poetic numbers came 60
 Spontaneously, and cloth'd in priestly robe
 My spirit, thus singled out, as it might seem,
 For holy services: great hopes were mine;
 My own voice chear'd me, and, far more, the mind's

Shorter Poems (1807–1820)¹

“Mark the concentrated Hazels that enclose”

Mark the concentrated Hazels that enclose
 Yon old grey Stone, protected from the ray
 Of noontide suns:—and even the beams that play
 And glance, while wantonly the rough wind blows,
 Are seldom free to touch the moss that grows 5
 Upon that roof—amid embowering gloom
 The very image framing of a Tomb,
 In which some ancient Chieftain finds repose
 Among the lonely mountains.—Live, ye Trees!
 And Thou, grey Stone, the pensive likeness keep 10
 Of a dark chamber where the Mighty sleep:
 For more than Fancy to the influence bends
 When solitary Nature condescends
 To mimic Time’s forlorn humanities.

“The Shepherd, looking eastward, softly said”

The Shepherd, looking eastward, softly said,
 “Bright is thy veil, O Moon, as thou art bright!”
 Forthwith, that little Cloud, in ether spread,
 And penetrated all with tender light,
 She cast away, and shewed her fulgent head 5
 Uncover’d;—dazzling the Beholder’s sight
 As if to vindicate her beauty’s right,
 Her beauty thoughtlessly disparaged.
 Meanwhile that Veil, removed or thrown aside,
 Went, floating from her, darkening as it went; 10
 And a huge Mass, to bury or to hide,
 Approached this glory of the firmament;
 Who meekly yields, and is obscur’d;—content
 With one calm triumph of a modest pride.

¹ For the sources of the reading texts and the editor’s commentary see *Shorter Poems, 1807–1820*, ed. Carl H. Ketcham (1989).

Notes

Thanksgiving Ode, January 18, 1816

WW printed an Advertisement to the volume titled *Thanksgiving Ode, January 18, 1816. With Other Short Pieces, Chiefly Referring to Recent Public Events* (1816). The *Ode* occupies the prime place in the volume.

ADVERTISEMENT.

It is not to bespeak favour or indulgence, but to guard against misapprehension, that the author presumes to state that the present publication owes its existence to a patriotism, anxious to exert itself in commemorating that course of action, by which Great Britain has, for some time past, distinguished herself above all other countries.

Wholly unworthy of touching upon so momentous a subject would that Poet be, before whose eyes the present distresses under which this kingdom labours, could interpose a veil sufficiently thick to hide, or even to obscure, the splendor of this great moral triumph. If the author has given way to exultation, unchecked by these distresses, it might be sufficient to protect him from a charge of insensibility, should he state his own belief that these sufferings will be transitory. On the wisdom of a very large majority of the British nation, rested that generosity which poured out the treasures of this country for the deliverance of Europe: and in the same national wisdom, presiding in time of peace over an energy not inferior to that which has been displayed in war, *they* confide, who encourage a firm hope, that the cup of our wealth will be gradually replenished. There will, doubtless, be no few ready to indulge in regrets and repinings; and to feed a morbid satisfaction, by aggravating these burthens in imagination, in order that calamity so confidently prophesied, as it has not taken the shape which their sagacity allotted to it, may appear as grievous as possible under another. But the body of the nation will not quarrel with the gain, because it might have been purchased at a less price: and acknowledging in these sufferings, which they feel to have been in a great degree unavoidable, a consecration of their noble efforts, they will vigorously apply themselves to remedy the evil.

Nor is it at the expense of rational patriotism, or in disregard of sound philosophy, that the author hath given vent to feelings tending to encourage a martial spirit in the bosoms of his countrymen, at a time when there is a general outcry against the prevalence of these dispositions. The British army, both by its skill and valour in the field, and by the discipline which has rendered it much less formidable than the armies of other powers, to the inhabitants of the several countries where its operations were carried on, has performed services for

humanity too important and too obvious to allow anyone to recommend, that the language of gratitude and admiration be suppressed, or restrained (whatever be the temper of the public mind) through a scrupulous dread, lest the tribute due to the past, should prove an injurious incentive for the future. Every man, deserving the name of Briton, adds his voice to the chorus which extols the exploits of his countrymen, with a consciousness, at times overpowering the effort, that they transcend all praise.—But this particular sentiment, thus irresistibly excited, is not sufficient. The nation would err grievously, if she suffered the abuse which other states have made of military power, to prevent her from perceiving that no people ever was, or can be, independent, free, or secure, much less great, in any sane application of the word, without martial propensities, and an assiduous cultivation of military virtues. Nor let it be overlooked, that the benefits derivable from these sources, are placed within the reach of Great Britain, under conditions peculiarly favourable. The same insular position which, by rendering territorial incorporation impossible, utterly precludes the desire of conquest under the most seductive shape it can assume, enables her to rely, for her defence against foreign foes, chiefly upon a species of armed force from which her own liberties have nothing to fear. Such are the blessed privileges of her situation; and, by permitting, they invite her to give way to the courageous instincts of human nature, and to strengthen and to refine them by culture. But some have more than insinuated, that a design exists to subvert the civil character of the English people by unconstitutional applications and unnecessary increase of military power. The advisers and abettors of such a design, were it possible that it should exist, would be guilty of the most heinous crime, which, upon this planet, can be committed. The author, trusting that this apprehension arises from the delusive influences of an honourable jealousy, hopes that the martial qualities, which he venerates, will be fostered by adhering to those good old usages which experience has sanctioned; and by availing ourselves of new means of indisputable promise; particularly by applying, in its utmost possible extent, that system of tuition, of which the master-spring is a habit of gradually enlightened subordination;—by imparting knowledge, civil, moral and religious, in such measure that the mind, among all classes of the community, may love, admire, and be prepared and accomplished to defend that country, under whose protection its faculties have been unfolded, and its riches acquired; by just dealing towards all orders of the state, so that no members of it being trampled upon, courage may every where continue to rest immoveably upon its ancient English foundation, personal self-respect;—by adequate rewards, and permanent honours, conferred upon the deserving; by encouraging athletic exercises and manly sports among the peasantry of the country; and by especial care to provide and support sufficient Institutions, in which, during a time of peace, a reasonable proportion

Index of titles, first lines and series titles

Volumes I, II, III

A barking sound the Shepherd hears	I.591
A Book came forth of late called, "Peter Bell;"	III.138
A bright-haired company of youthful Slaves	III.374
A dark plume fetch me from yon blasted Yew	III.356
A famous Man is Robin Hood	I.652
A few bold Patriots, Reliques of the Fight	III.15
A fig for your languages, German and Norse	I.440
A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by	I.631
A genial hearth, a hospitable board	III.405
A German Haggis—from Receipt	III.571
A little onward lend thy guiding hand	III.107
A love-lorn Maid, at some far-distant time	III.358
A Manciple there was, one of a Temple	II.659
A narrow girdle of rough stones and crags	I.458
A pen—to register; a key—	III.577
A Pilgrim, when the summer day	III.132
A plain Youth, Lady, and a simple Lover	I.736
A pleasant music floats along the Mere	III.381
A Poet!—He hath put his heart to school	III.755
A point of life between my Parents' dust	III.490
A prized memorial this slight work may prove	III.737
A Rock there is whose homely front	III.656
A Roman Master stands on Grecian ground	III.34
A sad and lovely face, with upturn'd eyes	III.737
A simple child, dear brother Jim	I.332
A slumber did my spirit seal	I.401
A Stream, to mingle with your favourite Dee	III.582
A sudden conflict rises from the swell	III.415
A Traveller on the skirt of Sarum's Plain	I.123
A trouble, not of clouds, or weeping rain	III.473
A voice, from long-expectant thousands sent	III.403
A volant Tribe of Bards on earth are found	III.570
A weight of awe not easy to be borne	III.510
A whirl-blast from behind the hill	I.420
A winged Goddess, clothed in vesture wrought	III.429
A Winter's Evening— Fragment of an Ode to winter	I.21
A youth too certain of his power to wade	III.495
Abruptly paused the Strife;—the field throughout	III.432
Abuse of Monastic Power	III.390

Acquittal of the Bishops	III.403
Address from the Spirit of Cockermouth Castle	III.491
Address to Kilchurn Castle upon Loch Awe	III.604
Address to my Infant Daughter, On being reminded, that she was a month old, on that day	I.744
Address to the Ocean	I.70
Address to the Sons of Burns after visiting their Father's Grave. (August 14th, 1803.)	I.664
Addressed to ——, on the longest day	III.117
Adieu ye lays that fancy's flow'rs adorn	I.35
Adieu, Rydalian Laurels! that have grown	III.488
Admonition ("Yes, there is holy pleasure in thine eye!")	I.693
Advance—come forth from thy Tyrolean ground	III.22
Adventures on Salisbury Plain	I.123
Aeneid, Book I	II.667
Aeneid, Book II	II.696
Aeneid, Book III	II.727
Aeneid, Book IV, Lines 688–692	II.750
Aeneid, Book VIII, Lines 337–366	II.750
Aerial Rock—whose solitary brow	III.82
Affections lose their objects; Time brings forth	III.771
Affliction of Margaret —— of ——, The	I.606
Afflictions of England	III.400
After Landing—the Valley of Dover. Nov. 1820.	III.457
After Leaving Italy	III.550
After reading a luscious scene of the above—The Wonder explained	III.571
After Visiting the Field of Waterloo	III.429
After-thought	III.466
AGE! twine thy brows with fresh spring flowers!	I.659
Ah! have you seen a bird of sweetest tone	I.20
Ah me! the lowliest children of the spring	I.50
Ah, think how one compelled for life to abide	III.559
Ah, when the Frame, round which in love we clung	III. 377
Ah! where is Palafox? Nor tongue nor pen	III.18
Ah why deceive ourselves! by no mere fit	III.549, 565
Aid, glorious Martyrs, from your fields of light	III.396
Airey-force Valley	III.715
Aix-la-Chapelle	III.430
Alas! what boots the long, laborious quest	III.21
Alcæus to Sappho	I.479
Alfred	III.380
Alice Fell	I.622
All breathed in silence, and intensely gaz'd	II.696

All by the moonlight river side	I.492
All praise the Likeness by thy skill portrayed	III.738
Along the mazes of this song I go	I.746
Ambition, following down this far-famed slope	III.449
American Tradition	III.355
Amid a fertile region green with wood	III.480
Amid the dark control of lawless sway	III.12
Amid the smoke of cities did you pass	I.455
Amid this dance of objects sadness steals	III.431
Among a grave fraternity of Monks	III.708
Among all lovely things my Love had been	I.615
Among the dwellers in the silent fields	III.760
Among the dwellings framed by birds	III.684
Among the mountains were we nursed, loved stream!	III.490
Among the Ruins of a Convent in the Apennines	III.548
An age hath been when Earth was proud	III.116
An Orpheus! An Orpheus!—yes, Faith may grow bold	I.687
Anacreon Imitated	I.14
And has the Sun his flaming Chariot driv'n	I.11
And I will bear my vengeful blade	I.50
And is it among rude untutored Dales	III.21
And is this—Yarrow?—This the Stream	III.62
And not in vain embodied to the sight	III.386
And shall," the Pontiff asks, "profaneness flow	III.382
And sweet it is to see in summer time	I.749
And thus a Structure potent to enchain	III.413
And what is Penance with her knotted thong	III.390
And what melodious sounds at times prevail!	III.387
And will you leave me thus alone	I.18
Andrew Jones	I.417
Anecdote for Fathers, shewing how the art of lying may be taught	I.330
Animal Tranquillity and Decay (see Old Man Travelling)	
Another year!—another deadly blow!	I.651
Anticipation. October, 1803	I.651
Apology ("No more: the end is sudden and abrupt")	III.483
Apology ("Nor scorn the aid which Fancy oft doth lend")	III.376
Apology ("Not utterly unworthy to endure")	III.393
Apology ("The formal World relaxes her cold chain")	III.560
Archbishop Chicheley to Henry V	III.389
Are souls then nothing? Must at length the die	I.735
Are States oppress'd afflicted and degraded	III.595
Armenian Lady's Love, The	III.657
Arms, and the Man I sing, the first who bore	II.667

Army of clouds, what would ye? Flight of Clouds	II.292
Around a wild and woody hill	III.434
Arran! a single-crested Teneriffe	III.499
Art, Nature, Love here claim united praise	III.739
Art thou a Statesman, in the van	I.448
Art thou the Bird whom Man loves best	I.594
Artegal and Elidure—	III.71
As faith thus sanctified the warrior's crest	III.422
As indignation mastered grief, my tongue	III.551
As leaves are to the tree whereon they grow	III.550
As leaves are to the tree whereon they grow	III.566
As often as I murmur here	III.642
As star that shines dependent upon star	III.405
As the cold aspect of a sunless way	III.111
As the fresh wine the poet pours	I.49
As, when a storm hath ceased, the birds regain	III.371
As with the stream our voyage we pursue	III.384
Aspects of Christianity in America	III.420
At Albano	III.538
At Bala-Sala, Isle of Man. (Supposed to be Written by a Friend of the Author.)	III.497
At Bologna, in Remembrance of the Late Insurrections	III.549, 565
At Dover	III.468
At early dawn,—or rather when the air	III.135
At Florence	III.546
At Florence.—From M. Angelo (“Eternal Lord! eased of a cumbrous load”)	III.548
At Florence.—From Michael Angelo (“Rapt above earth by power of one fair face”)	III.547
At Furness Abbey (“Here, where, of havoc tired and rash undoing”)	III.746
At Furness Abbey (“Well have yon Railway Labourers to this ground”)	III.769
At last this loitering day of June	II.250
At Rome (“Is this, ye Gods, the Capitolian Hill?”)	III.535
At Rome (“They—who have seen the noble Roman's scorn”)	III.537
At Rome.—Regrets.—In Allusion to Niebuhr and other Modern Historians	III.536
At Sea off the Isle of Man	III.493
At the Convent of Camaldoli	III.543
At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears	I.414
At the Eremite or Upper Convent of Camaldoli	III.544
At the Grave of Burns. 1803	III.724
At Tyndrum	III.477
At Vallombrosa	III.545
Author's Voyage down the Rhine (Thirty Years Ago)	III.431

Avaunt all specious pliancy of mind	III.32
Avaunt this oeconomic rage!	III.701
avaunt! with tenfold pleasure	I.23
Avon (A Feeder of the Annan), The	III.481
Avon—a precious, an immortal name!	III.481
Baptism	III.416
Barberry-Tree, The	I.728
Bard of the Fleece, whose skilful Genius made	III.41
Be this the chosen site—the virgin sod	III.409
Beaumont! it was thy wish that I should rear	I.720
Beauty and Moonlight. An Ode Fragment	I.17
Before I see another day	I.368
Before the Picture of the Baptist, by Raphael, in the Gallery at Florence	III.547
Before the world had past her time of youth	III.557
Beggars	I.619
Begone, thou fond presumptuous Elf	I.402
Beguiled into forgetfulness of care	III.704
Behold a Pupil of the Monkish gown	III.380
Behold her, single in the field	I.656
Beloved Vale!” I said, “when I shall con	I.636
Beneath this thorn when I was young	I.74
Beneath yon eastern Ridge, the craggy Bound	III.45
Benjamin the Waggoner	II.250
Between two sister moorland rills	I.451
Bishops and Priests, blessèd are ye, if deep	III.423
Black Demons hovering o’er his mitred head	III.384
Black Stones of Iona, The	III.503
Blandusian spring than glass more brightly clear	I.60
Blest be the Church, that, watching o’er the needs	III.416
Blest is this Isle—our native Land	III.573
Blest Statesman He, whose Mind’s unselfish will	III.562
Blind Highland Boy, The. (A Tale told by the Fire-side.)	I.676
Bold words affirmed, in days when faith was strong	III.493
Borderers, The	I.151
Bothwell Castle	III.480
Brave Schill! by death delivered, take thy flight	III.20
Bright Flower, whose home is every where!	I.690
Broken in fortune, but in mind entire	III.497
Brook, that hast been my solace days and weeks	I.721
Brothers, The	I.384
Brownie, The	III.479
Bruges (“Bruges I saw attired with golden light”)	III.428
Bruges (“The Spirit of Antiquity, enshrined”)	III.428

Bruges I saw attired with golden light	III.428
But cease my Soul ah! cease to pry	I.38
But hark! the Curfew tolls! and lo! the night	I.21
But here no cannon thunders to the gale	III.362
But liberty, and triumphs on the Main	III.409
But, to outweigh all harm, the sacred Book	III.394
But, to remote Northumbria's royal Hall	III.374
But what if One, thro' grove or flowery mead	III.378
But whence came they who for the Saviour Lord	III.419
By a blest Husband guided, Mary came	III.679
By a Retired Mariner. (A Friend of the Author.)	III.496
By antique Fancy trimmed—tho' lowly, bred	III.438
By Art's bold privilege Warrior and War-horse stand	III.746
By chain yet stronger must the Soul be tied	III.417
By Derwent's side my Father's cottage stood	I.314
By Moscow self-devoted to a blaze	III.571
By playful smiles, (alas too oft	III.747
By such examples moved to unbought pains	III.379
By the Sea-Shore, Isle of Man	III.495
By the Sea-Side	III.691
By the Side of Rydal Mere	III.688
By their floating Mill	I.684
By vain affections unenthralled	III.586
Calais, August 15th, 1802	I.641
Calais, August, 1802	I.639
Call not the royal Swede unfortunate	III.19
Calm as an under current—strong to draw	III.404
Calm is all nature as a resting wheel	I.635
Calm is the fragrant air, and loth to lose	III.686
Calvert! it must not be unheard by them	I.638
Camoëns, he the accomplished and the good	III.569
Can aught survive to linger in the veins	III.380
Can Lubbock fail to make a good M.P.	III.683
Cantata del Metastasio	I.740
Cantata, From Metastasio	I.738
Canute	III.381
Captivity	III.111
Carved, Mathew, with a master's skill	I.483
Casual Incitement	III.374
Catechizing	III.406
Cathedrals, &c.	III.410
Cave of Staffa ("Thanks for the lessons of this Spot—fit school")	III.501
Cave of Staffa ("We saw, but surely, in the motley crowd")	III.500

Cave of Staffa (“Ye shadowy Beings, that have rights and claims”)	III.501
Cenotaph	III.586
Change me, some God, into that breathing rose!	III.352
Character, In the Antithetical Manner, A	I.450
Character of the Happy Warrior	I.600
Characteristics of a Child three Years old	III.49
Charles the Second	III.402
Chatsworth! thy stately mansion, and the pride	III.678
Child of loud-throated War! the mountain Stream	III.604
Child of the clouds! remote from every taint	III.349
Childless Father, The	I.441
Church of San Salvador, seen from the Lake of Lugano, The	III.439
Church to be Erected	III.409
Cistercian Monastery	III.385
Clarkson! it was an obstinate Hill to climb	I.694
Clerical Integrity	III.403
Coldly we spake. The Saxons, overpowered	III.419
Column Intended by Buonaparte for a Triumphal Edifice in Milan, The	III.449
Come gentle Sleep, Death’s image tho’ thou art	III.736
Come thou in robe of darkest blue” [To Melpomene]	I.41
Come ye—who, if (which Heaven avert!) the Land	I.743
Commination Service, The	III.425
Companion! by whose buoyant Spirit cheered	III.524
Companion to the Foregoing [Love Lies Bleeding]	III.703
Complacent Fictions were they, yet the same	III.536
Complaint, A	I.699
Complaint of a Forsaken Indian Woman, The	I.368
Composed after a Journey across the Hamilton Hills, Yorkshire	I.630
Composed after Reading a Newspaper of the Day	III.475
Composed after Reading a Newspaper of the Day	III.561
Composed among the Ruins of a Castle in North Wales	III.582
Composed at Cora Linn, in sight of Wallace’s tower	III.54
Composed at the Same Time, and on the Same Occasion [Cintra]	III.18
Composed by the Sea-shore	III.693
Composed by the Sea-side, near Calais, August, 1802	I.639
Composed during one of the most awful of the late Storms, Feb. 1819	III.136
Composed in one of the Catholic Cantons of Switzerland	III.466
Composed in one of the Valleys of Westmoreland, on Easter Sunday	III.53
Composed in Recollection of the Expedition of the French into Russia, February 1816	III.97
Composed in Roslin Chapel, During a Storm	III.473
Composed in the Glen of Loch Etive	III.475
Composed in the Valley, Near Dover, On the Day of landing	I.644

Composed on May-morning, 1838	III.553
Composed on the Banks of a Rocky Stream	III.135
Composed on the Eve of the Marriage of a Friend, in the Vale of Grasmere	III.48
Composed on the same Morning ("Life with yon Lambs, like day, is just begun")	III.735
Composed upon Westminster Bridge, Sept. 3, 1803 ("Earth has not any thing to shew more fair")	I.635
Composed when a probability existed of our being obliged to quit Rydal Mount as a Residence	II.294
Composed while the Author was Engaged in Writing a Tract, Occasioned by the Convention of Cintra, 1808	III.17
Concluded ("As leaves are to the tree whereon they grow")	III.550
Concluded ("Long-favoured England! be not thou misled")	III.564, 566
Conclusion ("I thought of Thee, my partner and my guide")	III.363
Conclusion ("If these brief Records, by the Muses' art")	III.603
Conclusion ("Most sweet it is with unuplifted eyes")	III.509
Conclusion ("Why sleeps the future, as a snake enrolled")	III.412
Conclusion ("Yes, though He well may tremble at the sound")	III.560
Concluded.—American Episcopacy	III.421
Conclusion. 1811	III.34
Confirmation	III.416
Confirmation Continued	III.416
Congratulation	III.408
Conjectures	III.368
Continued ("And what melodious sounds at times prevail!")	III.387
Continued ("As indignation mastered grief, my tongue")	III.551
Continued ("Complacent Fictions were they, yet the same")	III.536
Continued ("From Rite and Ordinance abused they fled")	III.420
Continued ("Hard task! exclaim the undisciplined, to lean")	III.549, 566
Continued ("Methinks that to some vacant Hermitage")	III.378
Continued ("Mine ear has rung, my spirits sunk subdued")	III.409
Continued ("The world forsaken, all its busy cares")	III.544
Continued ("They dreamt not of a perishable home")	III.411
Continued ("Who ponders National events shall find")	III.563
Continued ("Yet some, Noviciates of the cloistral shade")	III.392
Contrast, The	III.584
Conversion	III.376
Convict, The	I.370
Corruptions of the Higher Clergy	III.390
Could I the priest's consent have gained	I.480
Council of Clermont, The	III.382
Countess's Pillar	III.482
Cranmer	III.396

Critics, right honourable Bard! decree	III.571
Crusaders	III.387
Crusades	III.383
Cuckoo and the Nightingale, The; Translation of Chaucer's	II.643
Cuckoo at Laverna. may 25th, 1837, The	III.540
Cuckoo-clock, The	III.741
Danish Conquests	III.381
Darkness surrounds us; seeking, we are lost	III.370
Days passed—and Monte Calvo would not clear	III.538
Days undefiled by luxury or sloth	III.565
Dear Child of Nature, let them rail!	I.684
Dear fellow—Traveller! here we are once more	I.644
Dear Fellow-Travellers! think not that the Muse	III.427
Dear Native Brooks your ways have I pursu'd	I.735
Dear native Regions, I foretell	III.65
Dear Reliques! from a pit of vilest mold	III.101
Dear to the Loves, and to the Graces vowed	III.492
Death a Dirge	I.45
Death of the Starling, The	I.16
Decay of Piety	III.568
Dedication ("Dear Fellow-Travellers! think not that the Muse")	III.427
Deep is the lamentation! Not alone	III.394
Degenerate Douglas! oh, the unworthy Lord!	I.664
Deign Sovereign Mistress! to accept a Lay	III.772
Departed Child! I could forget thee once	III.49
Departing Summer hath assumed	III.139
Departure from the Vale of Grasmere. August 1803	III.36
Deplorable his lot who tills the ground	III.418
Description of a dying storm	I.39
Descriptive Sketches	I.97
Desire we past illusions to recall?	III.494
Despond who will—I heard a voice exclaim	III.498
Desponding Father! mark this altered bough	III.709
Destined to war from very infancy	III.26
Desultory Stanzas	III.462
Devotional Incitements	III.680
Dion	III.102
Dirge	I.483
Dirge Sung by a Minstrel	I.45
Discourse was deemed Man's noblest attribute	III.774
Dishonoured Rock and Ruin! that, by law	III.476
Dissensions.	III.372
Dissolution of the Monasteries	III.391

Distractions	III.398
Distressful gift! this Book receives	I.757
Dog—An Idyllium, The	I.22
Dogmatic Teachers, of the snow-white fur!	III.135
Dont wake little Enoch	III.571
Doomed as we are our native dust	III.466
Doubling and doubling with laborious walk	III.478
Down a swift Stream, thus far, a bold design	III.415
Dread hour! when upheaved by war's sulphurous blast	III.441
Driven in by Autumn's sharpening air	III.712
Druid Temple	III.413
Druidical Excommunication	III.369
Dunolly Eagle, The	III.500
Eagle and the Dove, The	III.759
Eagles, Composed at Dunollie Castle in the Bay of Oban	III.476
Earl of Breadalbane's Ruined Mansion, and Family Burial-Place, near Killin, The	III.477
Earth has not any thing to shew more fair	I.635
Ecclesiastical Sketches	III.368
Echo, upon the Gemmi	III.451
Eclipse of the Sun, 1820, The	III.445
Eden! till now thy beauty had I viewed	III.505
Edward Signing the Warrant for the Execution of Joan of Kent	III.395
Edward VI	III.395
Effusion in Presence of the Painted Tower of Tell, at Altorf	III.465
Effusion, in the pleasure-ground on the banks of the Bran, near Dunkeld	III.58
Egyptian Maid, The; or, the romance of the water lily.	III.630
Ejaculation	III.412
Ejaculation at the Grave of Burns	I.721
Elegiac Musings in the Grounds of Coleorton Hall, the Seat of the Late Sir George Beaumont, Bart.	III.677
Elegiac Stanzas ("Lulled by the sound of pastoral bells")	III.454
Elegiac Stanzas. 1824	III.586
Elegiac Stanzas, composed in the churchyard of Grasmere	III.13
Elegiac Stanzas, Suggested by a Picture of Peele Castle, in a Storm, Painted by Sir George Beaumont	I.709
Elegiac Verses, February 1816	III.92
Elegiac Verses in Memory of my Brother, John Wordsworth	I.755
Elegies Written for John Wordsworth	I.750
Elegy written in the same place upon the same occasion	I.480
Elizabeth	III.397
Ellen Irwin, Or the Braes of Kirtle	I.398
Emigrant French Clergy	III.417

Eminent Reformers	III.397
Emperors and Kings, how oft have Temples rung	III.70
Engelberg	III.437
England! the time is come when thou shouldst wean	I.649
English Reformers in Exile	III.397
Enlightened Teacher, gladly from thy hand	III.763
Enough! for see, with dim association	III.388
Enough of climbing toil!—Ambition treads	III.123
Enough of garlands, of the Arcadian crook	III.477
Enough of rose-bud lips, and eyes	III.643
Epigrams on Byron's Cain	III.571
Epistle to Sir George Howland Beaumont, Bart. From the South-west Coast of Cumberland,—1811	III.37
Epitaph ("By a blest Husband guided, Mary came")	III.679
Epitaph in the Chapel-yard of Langdale, Westmoreland	III.747
Epitaphs Translated from Chiabrera	III.23
Ere we had reach'd the wish'd-for place, night fell	I.630
Ere with cold beads of midnight dew	III.591
Ere yet our course was graced with social trees	III.351
Eternal Lord! eased of a cumbrous load	III.548
Ethereal Minstrel! Pilgrim of the sky!	III.590
Eve's lingering clouds extend in solid bars	III.12
Even as a dragon's eye that feels the stress	III.48
Even so for me a Vision sanctified	III.729
Even while I speak, the sacred roofs of France	III.417
Evening Sonnets	I.48
Evening Sounds	I.39
Evening Voluntaries	III.686
Evening Walk, An	I.82
Ewtrees	I.748
Excursion, The; being a Portion of The Recluse, a Poem	II.298
Excuse is needless when with love sincere	III.602
Expostulation and Reply	I.365
Extempore Effusion upon the Death of James Hogg	III.723
Extract from the conclusion of a poem, composed upon leaving school	III.65
Extract from the Strangers bookStation Winandermere	III.609
Extracts from The Vale of Esthwaite	I.35
Fact, and an Imagination, A; Or, Canute and Alfred	III.100
Faëry Chasm, The	III.353
Failing impartial measure to dispense	III.734
Fair Ellen Irwin, when she sate	I.398
Fair is the Swan, whose majesty—prevailing	III.102
Fair Lady! can I sing of flowers	III.758

Fair Land! Thee all men greet with joy; how few	III.550
Fair Prime of life! were it enough to gild	III.594
Fair Star of Evening, Splendor of the West	I.639
Fairy skill	III.712
Fall of the Aar—Handec, The	III.435
Fallen, and diffus'd into a shapeless heap	III.366
Fame tells of Groves—from England far away—	III.143
Fancy and Tradition	III.505
Fancy, who leads the pastimes of the glad	III.588
Far from [] Grasmere's lake serene	III.37
Far from my dearest friend, 'tis mine to rove	I.82
Farewell Lines ("High bliss is only for a higher state")	III.609
Farewell, thou little Nook of mountain ground	I.736
Farmer of Tilsbury Vale, The. A Character	I.476
Father! to God himself we cannot give	III.418
Fear hath a hundred eyes that all agree	III.399
February 1816	III.80
Feel for the wrongs to universal ken	III.567
Feelings of a Noble Biscayan at one of these funerals 1810	III.31
Feelings of the Tyrolese	III.20
Female Vagrant The	I.314
Festivals have I seen that were not names	I.641
Fidelity	I.591
Filial Piety	III.612
First Floweret of the year is that which shows	III.577
Fish-women	III.427
Fit retribution, by the moral code	III.558
Five years have passed; five summers, with the length	I.372
Flattered with promise of escape	III.683
Flower Garden, A	III.578
Flowers	III.351
Flowers on the Top of the Pillars at the Entrance of the Cave	III.502
Fly, some kind Spirit, fly to Grasmere Vale!	I.743
Fond words have oft been spoken to thee, Sleep!	I.632
For action born, existing to be tried	III.540
For ever hallowed be this morning fair	III.374
For gentlest uses, oft-times Nature takes	III.437
For Lubbock vote—no legislative Hack	III.682
For thirst of power that Heaven disowns	III.775
For what contend the wise? for nothing less	III.413
Forbear to deem the Chronicler unwise	III.537
Force of Prayer, The; Or the Founding of Bolton Priory. A Tradition.	II.633
Foregoing Subject Resumed, The [Lines Suggested by a Portrait]	III.708

Foresight, Or the Charge of a Child to his younger Companion	I.698
Forgive, illustrious Country! these deep sighs	III.539
Forms of Prayer at Sea	III.425
Forsake me not, Urania, but when Ev'n	III.113
Forsaken, The	I.726
Fort Fuentes—at the Head of the Lake of Como	III.441
Forth from a jutting ridge, around whose base	III.769
Forth rushed, from Envy sprung and Self-conceit	III.735
Fountain, The. A Conversation	I.432
Four fiery steeds impatient of the rein	III.610
Fragment, A (“Between two sister moorland rills”)	I.451
French, and the Spanish Guerillas, The	III.32
From Bolton’s old monastic tower	II.575
From early youth I ploughed the restless Main	III.496
From false assumption rose, and fondly hail’d	III.422
From little down to least—in due degree	III.406
From low to high doth dissolution climb	III.407
From Rite and Ordinance abused they fled	III.420
From Stirling Castle we had seen	I.665
From the Alban Hills, looking towards Rome	III.539
From the Baptismal hour, thro’ weal and woe	III.425
From the dark chambers of dejection freed	III.64
From the fierce aspect of this River throwing	III.436
From the Greek	I.50
From the Italian of Michael Angelo (“Yes! hope may with my strong desire keep pace”)	I.633
From the Pier’s head, musing—and with increase	III.468
From the Same (“No mortal object did these eyes behold”)	I.634
From the Same. To the Supreme Being (“The prayers I make will then be sweet indeed”)	I.634
From this deep chasm—where quivering sun-beams play	III.355
Funeral Service	III.425
General View of the Troubles of the Reformation	III.396
Genius of Raphael! if thy wings	III.641
Gentle Zephyr	I.739
Georgics, Book IV, Lines 511–515	II.751
Giordano, verily thy Pencil’s skill	III.774
Gipsies	I.672
Glad sight wherever new with old	III.760
Glad Tidings	III.374
Gleaner, The. (Suggested by a Picture.)	III.616
Glen-almain, or the Narrow Glen	I.658
Glory to God! and to the Power who came	III.412

Go back to antique Ages, if thine eyes	III.594
Go, faithful Portrait! and where long hath knelt	III.682
Gold and Silver Fishes, in a Vase	III.667
Goody Blake, and Harry Gill, A True Story	I.322
Gordale	III.135
Grace Darling	III.760
Grant, that by this unsparing Hurricane	III.394
Grateful is Sleep, my life in stone bound fast	III.737
Grateful is Sleep; more grateful still to be	III.736
Grave-stone upon the Floor in the Cloisters of Worcester Cathedral, A	III.613
Great Men have been among us; hands that penn'd	I.646
Green Linnet, The	I.682
Greenock	III.504
Greta, what fearful listening! when huge stones	III.489
Greyhound Ballad	I.72
Grief, thou hast lost an ever ready Friend	III.47
Grieve for the Man who hither came bereft	III.543
Gunpowder Plot	III.399
Had this effulgence disappeared	III.124
Hail to the fields—with Dwellings sprinkled o'er	III.354
Hail Twilight,—sovereign of one peaceful hour!	III.48
Hail, universal Source of pure delight!	III.82
Hail, Virgin Queen! o'er many an envious bar	III.397
Hail, Zaragoza! If with unwet eye	III.18
Happy the feeling from the bosom thrown	III.602
Hard task! exclaim the undisciplined, to lean	III.549, 566
Hark! 'tis the Thrush, undaunted, undeprest	III.733
Harp! couldst thou venture, on thy boldest string	III.400
Hart's-Horn Tree, near Penrith	III.482
Hart-leap Well	I.377
Hast thou seen, with train incessant	III.127
Hast thou then survived	I.744
Haydon! let worthier judges praise the skill	III.679
He who defers his work from day to day	III.701
Her eyes are wild, her head is bare	I.346
Her only Pilot the soft breeze the Boat	III.608
Here let us rest—here, where the gentle beams	III.122
Here M. —————sleep[s] who liv'd a patriarch's days	I.23
Here Man more purely lives, less oft doth fall	III.385
Here on their knees men swore: the stones were black	III.503
Here pause: the Poet claims at least this praise	III.34
Here stood an Oak, that long had borne affixed	III.482
Here, where, of havoc tired and rash undoing	III.746

High bliss is only for a higher state	III.609
High deeds, O Germans, are to come from you!	I.694
High in the breathless Hall the Minstrel sate	I.703
High is our calling, Friend!—Creative Art	III.80
High o'er the silver Rocks I rov'd	I.17
High on a broad unfertile tract of forest-skirted Down	III.743
High on her speculative Tower	III.445
Highland Broach, The	III.484
Highland Hut	III.478
Hint from the Mountains for Certain Political Aspirants	III.126
Hints for the Fancy	III.354
His Descendants	III.380
His simple truths did Andrew glean	I.403
Hoarse sound the swoln and angry floods	I.42
Hôffer	III.23
Holy and heavenly Spirits as they were	III.398
Home at Grasmere	I.558
Homeward we turn. Isle of Columba's Cell	III.504
Hope	I.41
Hope rules a land for ever green	III.613
Hope smiled when your nativity was cast	III.502
Hopes what are they?—Beads of morning	III.128
Horace To Apollo	I.49
Horn of Egremont Castle, The	I.603
How art thou named? In search of what strange land	III.583
How beautiful the Queen of Night, on high	III.773
How beautiful your presence, how benign	III.377
How beautiful, when up a lofty height	III.730
How blest the Maid whose heart—yet free	III.447
How clear, how keen, how marvellously bright	III.81
How disappeared he?" Ask the newt and toad	III.479
How fast the Marian death-list is unrolled!	III.414
How long will ye round me be roaring	I.70
How profitless the relics that we cull	III.483
How rich that forehead's calm expanse!	III.578
How rich the wave, in front, imprest	I.363
How shall I paint thee?—Be this naked stone	III.350
How soon—alas! did Man, created pure—	III.421
How sweet at Eve's still hour the song	I.37
How sweet in Life's tear-glistening morn	I.40
How sweet it is, when mother Fancy rocks	I.629
How sweet, when crimson colors dart	I.479
Humanity, delighting to behold	III.97

Humanity. (Written in the Year 1829.)	III.673
Hunger, and sultry heat, and nipping blast	III.32
Hymn for the Boatmen, as they Approach the Rapids, under the Castle of Heidelberg	III.432
I am not One who much or oft delight	I.699
I bring, ye little noisy crew!	I.483
I dropped my pen;—and listened to the wind	III.18
I find it written of Simonides	I.734
I griev'd for Buonaparte, with a vain	I.640
I hate that Andrew Jones: he'll breed	I.417
I have a boy of five years old	I.330
I have been here in the Moon-light	I.727
I heard (alas, 'twas only in a dream)	III.108
I heard a thousand blended notes	I.334
I know an aged Man constrained to dwell	III.770
I listen—but no faculty of mine	III.439
I marvel how Nature could ever find space	I.450
I met Louisa in the shade	I.590
I only look'd for pain and grief	I.752
I rose while yet the cattle, heat-oppress	III.360
I saw a Mother's eye intensely bent	III.416
I saw an aged Beggar in my walk	I.442
I saw far off the dark top of a Pine	III.535
I saw the figure of a lovely Maid	III.401
I shiver, Spirit fierce and bold	III.724
I shiver, Spirit fierce and bold	I.721
I the while	I.42
I thought of Thee, my partner and my guide	III.363
I travell'd among unknown Men	I.616
I wandered lonely as a Cloud	I.670
I was thy Neighbour once, thou rugged Pile!	I.709
I watch, and long have watch'd, with calm regret	III.82
I, who descended with glad step to chase	III.368
I will be that fond Mother	I.740
I've watch'd you now a full half hour	I.675
Idiot Boy, The	I.349
Idle Shepherd-boys, Or Dungeon-gill Force, A Pastoral, The	I.409
If from the public way you turn your steps	I.461
If grief dismiss me not to them that rest	I.52
If Life were slumber on a bed of down	III.519
If money I lack	III.130
If Nature, for a favorite Child	I.429
If the whole weight of what we think and feel	III.593

If there be Prophets on whose spirits rest	III.368
If these brief Records, by the Muses' art	III.603
If this great world of joy and pain	III.683
If thou in the dear love of some one friend	I.414
If Thou indeed derive thy light from Heaven	III.52
If to Tradition faith be due	III.484
If with old love of you, dear Hills! I share	III.553
Illustrated Books and Newspapers	III.774
Illustration	III.399
Imaginative Regrets	III.394
Imitation of Juvenal, Satire VIII	I.60
Immured in Bothwell's Towers, at times the Brave	III.480
In a Carriage, upon the Banks of the Rhine	III.431
In a Garden of the same	III.45
In a smooth croft of Lorton's pleasant Vale	I.748
In Allusion to Various Recent Histories and Notices of the French Revolution	III.563
In Brugès town is many a street	III.467
In desultory walk through orchard grounds	III.752
In distant countries I have been	I.343
In due observance of an ancient rite	III.30
In Evening tints of joy [array'd]	I.37
In Lombardy	III.550
In my mind's eye a Temple, like a cloud	III.606
In Sight of the Town of Cockermouth	III.490
In the Cathedral at Cologne	III.430
In the Channel, between the Coast of Cumberland and the Isle of Man	III.493
In the Frith of Clyde, Ailsa Crag. (July 17, 1833.)	III.498
In the Grounds of Coleorton, the Seat of Sir George Beaumont, Bart. Leicestershire	III.43
In the Sound of Mull	III.476
In the sweet shire of Cardigan	I.327
In these fair Vales hath many a Tree	III.676
In this still place, remote from men	I.658
In trellis'd shed with clustering roses gay	II.573
In youth from rock to rock I went	I.588
Incident at Brugès	III.467
Incident, Characteristic of a favourite Dog, which belonged to a Friend of the Author	I.690
Indignation of a High-minded Spaniard. 1810	III.32
Indulgent Muse, if Thou the labour share	III.126
Infant M——— M———, The	III.585
Influence Abused	III.381

Inland, within a hollow Vale, I stood	I.644
Inmate of a mountain Dwelling	III.106
Inscribed upon a rock	III.127
Inscription (“The massy Ways, carried across these Heights”)	III.592
Inscription for a Monument in Crosthwaite Church, in the Vale of Keswick	III.763
Inscription for a National Monument in Commemoration of the Battle of Waterloo	III.79
Inscription for a seat by the pathway side ascending to Windy Brow	I.55
Inscription for a Seat in the Groves of Coleorton	III.45
Inscription for the House (an Outhouse) on the Island at Grasmere	I.415
Inscription for the Spot where the Hermitage stood on St. Herbert’s Island, Derwent-water	I.414
Inscription Intended for a Stone in the Grounds of Rydal Mount	III.676
Inscriptions, supposed to be found in, and near, a hermit’s cell	III.127
Inside of King’s College Chapel, Cambridge	III.411
Intent on gathering wool from hedge and brake	III.758
Interdict, An	III.384
Intrepid sons of Albion!—not by you	III.79
Introduction (“I, who descended with glad step to chase”)	III.368
Iona. (Upon Landing.)	III.503
Is Death, when evil against good has fought	III.556
Is it a Reed that’s shaken by the wind	I.639
Is then no nook of English ground secure	III.764
Is then the final page before me spread	III.462
Is there a Power that can sustain and cheer	III.20
Is this, ye Gods, the Capitolian Hill?	III.535
Isle of Man	III.495
It is a beauteous Evening, calm and free	I.637
It is no Spirit who from Heaven hath flown	I.675
It is not to be thought of that the Flood	I.646
It is the first mild day of March	I.326
It seems a day, / One of those heavenly days which cannot die	I.435
It was a moral end for which they fought	III.23
It was an April morning: fresh and clear	I.454
Italian Itinerant, and the Swiss Goatherd, The	III.442
Jesu! bless our slender Boat	III.432
Jewish Family, A	III.641
Jones! when from Calais southward you and I	I.640
Journey Renewed	III.360
June, 1820 (“Fame tells of Groves—from England far away—”)	III.143
Jung-Frau—and the Rhine at Shauflhausen, The	III.434
Just as the blowing thorn began	I.480

Just as those final words were penned, the sun broke out in power	III.743
Keep for the Young the impassioned smile	III.457
King of Sweden, The	I.642
Kitten and the Falling Leaves, The	I.609
Labourer's Noon-day Hymn, The	III.702
Lady! a Pen, perhaps, with thy regard	III.709
Lady! I rifled a Parnassian Cave	III.141
Lady! the songs of Spring were in the grove	I.636
Lament for Bion (from Moschus)	I.50
Lament of Mary Queen of Scots, on the Eve of a New Year	III.109
Lament! for Dioclesian's fiery sword	III.370
Lance, shield, and sword relinquished—at his side	III.378
Laodamia	III.66
Last night, without a voice, this Vision spake	III.401
Last of the Flock, The	I.343
Last Supper, by Leonardo da Vinci, in the Refectory of the Convent of Maria Della Grazia—Milan, The	III.445
Late on a breezy vernal eve	I.728
Latimer and Ridley	III.414
Latitudinarianism	III.402
Laud	III.400
Laura, farewell my Laura!	I.738
Let more ambitious Poets take the heart	III.747
Let other Bards of Angels sing	III.580
Let thy wheelbarrow alone	I.416
Let us quit the leafy Arbour	III.117
Liberty (Sequel to the Above [Gold and Silver Fishes].)	III.669
Lie here sequester'd:—be this little mound	I.692
Life with yon Lambs, like day, is just begun	III.735
Like a shipwreck'd Sailor tost	III.694
Lines Composed at Grasmere	I.708
Lines left upon a seat in a Yew-tree which Stands near the Lake of Esthwaite, on a desolate part of the shore, yet commanding a beautiful prospect.	I.312
Lines on Milton	I.52
Lines on the Bicentenary of Hawkshead School	I.11
Lines on the Expected Invasion. 1803	I.743
Lines Suggested by a Portrait from the Pencil of F. Stone	III.704
Lines written a few miles above Tintern Abbey, On revisiting the banks of the Wye during a tour, July 13, 1798	I.372
Lines written at a small distance from my house, and sent by my little boy to the person to whom they are addressed	I.326
Lines written in early spring	I.334
Lines Written in the Album of the Countess of —— . Nov. 5, 1834	III.709

Lines written near Richmond, upon the Thames, at Evening	I.363
Lines Written with a Slate pencil upon a Stone, the largest of a heap lying near a deserted Quarry upon one of the Islands at Rydale	I.428
List! the bell-Sprite stuns my ears	I.45
List! the death-bell stuns mine ears	I.45
List, the winds of March are blowing	III.697
List—'twas the Cuckoo.—O with what delight	III.540
List, ye who pass by Lyulph's Tower	III.513
Liturgy, The	III.406
Lo! in the burning West, the craggy nape	III.456
Lo! where she stands fixed in a saint-like trance	III.737
Lo! where the Moon along the sky	III.729
Local Recollection on the Heights near Hockheim	III.432
London, 1802	I.646
Lone Flower, hemmed in with snows and white as they	III.135
Long-favoured England! be not thou misled	III.564
Long has the dew been dried on tree and lawn	III.538
Lonsdale! it were unworthy of a Guest	III.508
Look, five blue eggs are gleaming there!	I.673
Look now on that Adventurer who hath paid	III.19
Lord of the Vale! astounding Flood!	III.54
Loud is the Vale! the Voice is up	I.708
Louisa	I.590
Love Lies Bleeding	III.703
Loving she is, and tractable, though wild	III.49
Lowther! in thy majestic Pile are seen	III.508
Lucy Gray	I.407
Lulled by the sound of pastoral bells	III.454
Lyre! though such power do in thy magic live	III.751
Lyrical Ballads, and Other Poems	I.312
Mad Mother, The	I.346
Malham Cove	III.134
Man's life is like a Sparrow, mighty King!	III.375
Manciple, The (from the Prologue) and his Tale; Translation of Chaucer's	II.659
Manciple's Tale, The	II.660
Mark the concentred Hazels that enclose	III.11
Marriage Ceremony, The	III.423
Mary Queen of Scots (Landing at the Mouth of the Derwent, Workington)	III.492
Maternal Grief	III.49
Mathew Elegies	I.480
Matron of Jedborough and Her Husband, The	I.659
Meek Virgin Mother, more benign	III.437
melancholy joy	I.35

Melts into silent shades the Youth, discrowned	III.413
Memorial,	III.434
Memorials of a Tour in Italy	III.524
Memorials of a Tour on the Continent, 1820	III.427
Memory	III.577
Men of the Western World! in Fate's dark book	III.564
Men, who have ceased to reverence, soon defy	III.398
Mercy and Love have met thee on thy road	III.369
Methinks that I could trip o'er heaviest soil	III.397
Methinks that to some vacant Hermitage	III.378
Methinks 'twere no unprecedented feat	III.359
Methought I saw the footsteps of a throne	I.636
Michael Angelo in reply to the passage upon his statue of Night sleeping	III.737
Michael, A Pastoral Poem	I.461
Mid-noon is past;—upon the sultry mead	III.359
Milton! thou should'st be living at this hour	I.646
Mine ear has rung, my spirits sunk subdued	III.409
Miserrimus!" and neither name nor date	III.613
Missions and Travels	III.379
Modern Athens, The	III.487
Monastery of Old Bangor	III.373
Monastic Domes! following my downward way	III.408
Monastic Voluptuousness	III.391
Monks, and Schoolmen	III.386
Monument Commonly Called Long Meg and Her Daughters, near the River Eden, The	III.510
Monument of Mrs. Howard, (By Nollekins,) in Wetheral Church, near Corby, on the Banks of the Eden	III.506
Moods of My Own Mind	I.667
More may not be by human Art exprest	III.739
Morning Exercise, A	III.588
Most sweet it is with unuplifted eyes	III.509
Mother! whose virgin bosom was uncrost	III.393
Motions and Means, on land and sea at war	III.507
Motto intended for Poems on the naming of Places	I.726
Musings Near Aquapendente	III.524
Mutability	III.407
My frame hath often trembled with delight	III.357
My heart leaps up when I behold	I.669
My Lesbia let us love and live	I.16
My Lord and Lady Darlington	III.610
Nay, Traveller! rest. This lonely yew-tree stands	I.312
Near Anio's stream, I spied a gentle Dove	III.538

Near Rome, in Sight of St. Peter's	III.538
Near the Lake of Thrasymene	III.539
Near the Same Lake	III.540
Near the spring of the hermitage	III.129
Never enlivened with the liveliest ray	III.703
New Church Yard	III.410
New Churches	III.409
Next morning Troilus began to clear	II.654
Night Thought, A	III.729
No fiction was it of the antique age	III.353
No more: the end is sudden and abrupt	III.483
No mortal object did these eyes behold	I.634
No record tells of lance opposed to lance	III.361
No whimsy of the purse is here	I.749
Nor can Imagination quit the shores	III.387
Nor scorn the aid which Fancy oft doth lend	III.376
Nor shall the eternal roll of praise reject	III.403
Nor unregarded may I pass thee by	II.570
Nor wants the cause the panic-striking aid	III.372
Norman Boy, The	III.743
Norman Conquest, The	III.382
Not a breath of air / Ruffles the bosom of this leafy glen	III.715
Not envying shades which haply yet may throw	III.349
Not hurled precipitous from steep to steep	III.362
Not in the lucid intervals of life	III.687
Not in the mines beyond the western main	III.509
Not (like his great compeers) indignantly	III.433
Not Love, nor War, nor the tumultuous swell	III.568
Not 'mid the World's vain objects that enslave	III.17
Not pangs of grief for lenient time too keen	III.496
Not sedentary all: there are who roam	III.379
Not seldom, clad in radiant vest	III.130
Not so that Pair whose youthful spirits dance	III.353
Not the whole warbling grove in concert heard	III.606
Not to the clouds, not to the cliff, he flew	III.500
Not to the object specially designed	III.556
Not utterly unworthy to endure	III.393
Not without heavy grief of heart did He	III.24
November 1, 1815	III.81
November, 1806	I.651
November, 1813	III.52
November, 1836	III.729
Now hollow sounding all around I hear	I.39

Now that a Parthenon ascends, to crown	III.487
Now that all hearts are glad, all faces bright	III.52
Now that Astrology is out of date	III.683
Now that the farewell tear is dried	III.442
Now we are tired of boisterous joy	I.676
Now when the Gods had crush'd the Asian State	II.727
Now when the primrose makes a splendid show	III.740
Nun's Well, Brigham	III.491
Nunnery	III.507
Nuns fret not at their Convent's narrow room	I.628
Nutting	I.435
O blithe New-comer! I have heard	I.674
O dearer far than light and life are dear	III.583
O flower of all that springs from gentle blood	III.29
O Fools that we were, we had land which we sold	I.727
O for a dirge! But why complain?	III.586
O, for a kindling touch of that pure flame	III.80
O for the help of Angels to complete	III.430
O Friend! I know not which way I must look	I.645
O gentle Sleep! do they belong to thee	I.631
O Lelius, beauteous flower of gentleness	III.28
O Lord, our Lord! how wonderously (quoth she)	II.635
O mountain Stream! the Shepherd and his Cot	I.633
O Mountain Stream! the Shepherd and his Cot	III.355
O Nightingale! thou surely art	I.668
O there is blessing in this gentle Breeze	III.144
O Thou who movest onward with a mind	III.28
O Thou! whose fancies from afar are brought	I.614
O'er the wide earth, on mountain and on plain	III.22
O'erweening Statesmen have full long relied	III.31
Oak and the Broom, A Pastoral, The	I.403
Oak of Guernica! Tree of holier power	III.30
Oak of Guernica, The	III.30
Obligations of Civil to Religious Liberty	III.404
Occasioned by the Same Battle. February 1816	III.79
October, 1803 ("Six thousand Veterans practis'd in War's game")	I.650
October, 1803 ("These times touch money'd Worldlings with dismay")	I.648
October, 1803 ("When, looking on the present face of things")	I.649
October, 1803	I.647
ODE ("There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream")	I.712
Ode ("Who rises on the banks of Seine")	III.98
Ode.—1817	III.113
Ode (from Horace)	I.60

Ode to Duty	I.617
Ode, composed in January 1816	III.93
Ode, Composed on May Morning	III.595
Ode, Composed upon an Evening of Extraordinary Splendor and Beauty	III.124
Ode, Performed in the Senate-house, Cambridge, on the Sixth of July, M.DCCC.XLVII. At the first Commencement after the Installation of His Royal Highness The Prince Albert, Chancellor of the University. Installation Ode.	III.775
Ode. The morning of the day appointed for a general thanksgiving. January 18, 1816	III.82
Ode. The Pass of Kirkstone	III.120
Ode, to Lycoris, May, 1817	III.116
Of mortal Parents is the Hero born	III.23
Oft had I heard of Lucy Gray	I.407
Oft have I caught from fitful breeze	III.510
Oft have I seen, ere Time had ploughed my cheek	III.568
Oft is the Medal faithful to its trust	III.45
Oft, through thy fair domains, illustrious Peer!	II.298
Oh! bless'd all bliss above	I.740
Oh Life! without thy chequered scene	III.466
Oh now that the genius of Bewick were mine	I.418
Oh there is blessing in this gentle breeze	II.11
Oh thou whose fixed, bewildered eye	I.57
Oh what a Wreck! how changed in mien and speech!	III.732
Oh! what's the matter? what's the matter?	I.322
Old Abbeys	III.408
Old Cumberland Beggar, A Description, The	I.442
Old Man Travelling	I.367
On a Celebrated Event in Ancient History	III.34
On a Nursery piece of the same, by a Scottish Bard—	III.571
On a Portrait of the Duke of Wellington, upon the Field of Waterloo, by Haydon	III.746
On an Event in Col: Evans's redoubted performances in Spain	III.729
On Approaching the Staub-Bach, Lauterbrunnen	III.435
On Being Stranded near the Harbour of Boulogne	III.456
On Cain a Mystery dedicated to Sir Walter Scott	III.571
On Entering Douglas Bay, Isle of Man	III.494
On Hearing the "Ranz Des Vaches" on the Top of the Pass of St. Gothard	III.439
On his morning rounds the Master	I.690
On, loitering Muse!—The swift Stream chides us—on!	III.354
On Man, on Nature, and on Human Life	II.300
On Religion's holy hill	I.52
On Revisiting Dunolly Castle	III.499

On Seeing a Needlecase in the Form of a Harp, the Work of E. M. S.	III.607
On seeing some Tourists of the Lakes pass by reading; a practise very common.	I.722
On the Banks of a Rocky Stream	III.776
On the death of an unfortunate Lady.	I.20
On the Death of His Late Majesty	III.141
On the Departure of Sir Walter Scott from Abbotsford, for Naples	III.472
On the Disinterment of the Remains of the Duke D'enghien	III.101
On the Extinction of the Venetian Republic	I.641
On the Final Submission of the Tyrolese	III.23
On the Frith of Clyde. (In a Steam-Boat.)	III.499
On the Lake of Brientz	III.436
On the Power of Sound	III.623
On the Same Occasion ("When in the antique age of bow and spear")	III.575
On the same Subject ("Though I beheld at first with blank surprise")	III.738
On the Sight of a Manse in the South of Scotland	III.473
On tiptoe forward as I lean'd aghast	I.44
On to Iona!—What can she afford	III.502
Once did She hold the gorgeous East in fee	I.641
Once I could hail (howe'er serene the sky)	III.600
Once in a lonely Hamlet I sojourn'd	I.695
Once more I welcome Thee, and Thou, fair Plant	II.274
Once more the Church is seized with sudden fear	III.389
Once on the brow of yonder Hill I stopped	I.558
Once on the top of Tynwald's formal mound	III.497
One might believe that natural miseries	I.647
One morning (raw it was and wet)	I.595
One who was suffering tumult in his soul	III.136
Open Prospect	III.354
Open your Gates ye everlasting Piles!	III.410
Orchard Pathway, The	I.587
Orchard Pathway, to and fro	I.587
Orlando, who great length of time had been	I.740
Other Benefits	III.386
Other Influences	III.377
Our bodily life, some plead, that life the shrine	III.558
Our Lady of the Snow	III.437
Our walk was far among the antient trees	I.461
Outstretching flame-ward his upbraided hand	III.396
Oxford, May 30, 1820 ("Shame on this faithless heart! that could allow")	III.142
Oxford, May 30, 1820 ("Ye sacred Nurseries of blooming Youth!")	III.142
Pansies, Lilies, Kingcups, Daisies	I.597
Papal Abuses	III.384
Papal Dominion	III.385

Parsonage in Oxfordshire, A	III.569
Part fenced by man, part by a rugged steep	III.473
Pastor and Patriot! at whose bidding rise	III.492
Pastoral Character	III.405
Patriotic Sympathies	III.401
Patriots informed with Apostolic light	III.421
Paulinus	III.374
Pause, courteous Spirit!—Balbi supplicates	III.25
Pause, Traveller! whosoe'er thou be	III.127
Peasant's Life, The	II.568
Pedlar, The	I.286
Pelion and Ossa flourish side by side	I.720
Pellucid Spring! unknown beyond the verge	II.294
People! your chains are severing link by link	III.475
People! your chains are severing link by link	III.561
Perhaps some needful service of the State	III.27
Persecution of the Scottish Covenanters	III.414
Persecution	III.370
Persuasion	III.375
Peter Bell, a Tale	I.487
Pet-lamb, A Pastoral, The	I.438
Picture of Daniel in the Lion's Den, at Hamilton Palace	III.480
Pilgrim Fathers, The	III.420
Pilgrim's Dream, or, the Star and the Glow-worm, The	III.132
Pillar of Trajan, The	III.551
Pine of Monte Mario at Rome, The	III.535
Pity ("Now too while o'er the heart we feel")	I.36
Pity ("What tho' my griefs must never flow")	I.35
Pity mourn in plaintive tone	I.16
Placard for a Poll bearing an Old Shirt	III.130
Place of Burial in the South of Scotland, A	III.473
Places of Worship	III.405
Plain of Donnerdale, The	III.357
Plea for Authors, A. May, 1838	III.734
Plea for the Historian	III.537
Pleasures newly found are sweet	I.599
Poems Composed during a Tour, Chiefly on Foot	I.619
Poems, in Two Volumes	I.587
Poems on the Naming of Places	I.453
Poems Written During a Tour in Scotland	I.652
Poet and the Caged Turtledove, The	III.642
Poet to his Grandchild, A. (Sequel to the Foregoing.)	III.736
Poet's Epitaph, A	I.448

Point at Issue, The	III.413
Poor Robin	III.740
Poor Susan	I.414
Portentous change when History can appear	III.563
Power of Music	I.687
Praised be the Art whose subtle power could stay	III.35
Praised be the Rivers, from their mountain-springs	III.419
Preface [to <i>The Excursion</i>]	II.298
Prefatory Sonnet (“Nuns fret not at their Convent’s narrow room”)	I.628
Prelude (“In desultory walk through orchard grounds”)	III.752
Prelude, <i>The</i> (1798–1799)	I.530
Prelude, <i>The</i> (1805–1806)	II.11
Prelude, <i>The</i> (1824–1839)	III.144
Presentiments	III.665
Presentiments! they judge not right	III.665
Press’d with conflicting thoughts of love and fear	II.291
Primitive Saxon Clergy	III.377
Primrose of the Rock, <i>The</i>	III.656
Prioress’s Tale, <i>The</i> ; Translation of Chaucer’s	II.635
Prithee gentle Lady list	III.602
Processions, Suggested on a Sabbath Morning in the Vale of Chamouny	III.451
Prologue to <i>The Affliction of Mary</i> — of — (written for the Lyrical Ballads)	I.718
Prompt transformation works the novel lore	III.376
Protest against the Ballot. 1838	III.735
Proud were ye, Mountains, when, in times of old	III.765
Pure element of waters! wheresoe’er	III.134
Pursued by Hate, debarred from friendly care	III.400
Queen and Negress chaste and fair!	III.570
Queen of the stars!—so gentle, so benign	III.718
Question and Answer	III.683
Ranging the Heights of Scawfell or Black-coom	III.493
Rapt above earth by power of one fair face	III.547
Realms quake by turns: proud Arbitress of grace	III.384
Recollection of the Portrait of King Henry Eighth, Trinity Lodge, Cambridge	III.569
Record we too, with just and faithful pen	III.386
Recovery	III.371
Redbreast and the Butterfly, <i>The</i>	I.594
Redbreast, <i>The</i> . (Suggested in a Westmoreland Cottage.)	III.712
Redoubted King, of courage leonine	III.383
Reflections	III.394
Regrets	III.407

Reluctant call it was; the rite delayed	III.561
Remembering how thou didst beguile	I.481
Reproof	III.378
Resolution and Independence	I.624
Rest and Be Thankful, at the Head of Glencroe	III.478
Rest, rest, perturbed Earth!	III.92
Resting-place, The	III.359
Retired Marine Officer, Isle of Man, The	III.496
Retirement	III.593
Return (“A dark plume fetch me from yon blasted Yew”)	III.356
Return, Content! for fondly I pursued	III.360
Revival of Popery	III.413
Reynolds come thy pencil prove	I.14
Richard I	III.383
Rid of a vexing and a heavy load	I.722
Rise!—they have risen: of brave Aneurin ask	III.372
River Duddon, a series of Sonnets, The	III.349
River Eden, Cumberland, The	III.505
Rob Roy’s Grave	I.652
Roman Antiquities Discovered, at Bishopstone, Herefordshire	III.611
Roman Antiquities. (From the Roman Station at Old Penrith.)	III.483
Rotha, my Spiritual Child! this head was grey	III.581
Rude is this Edifice, and Thou hast seen	I.415
Ruined Cottage, The. A Poem	I.270
Rural Architecture	I.448
Rural Ceremony	III.406
Rural Illusions	III.663
Russian Fugitive, The	III.643
Ruth	I.421
Sacheverell	III.415
Sacrament	III.417
Sacred Religion, “mother of form and fear,”	III.356
Sad thoughts, avaunt!—the fervour of the year	III.359
Said red-ribbon’d Evans	III.733
Said Secrecy to Cowardice and Fraud	III.562
Sailor’s Mother, The	I.595
Saints	III.392
Same Subject, The (“Not so that Pair whose youthful spirits dance”)	III.353
Same Subject, The [“The lovely Nun (submissive but more meek”)]	III.392
Same, The (“Holy and heavenly Spirits as they were”)	III.398
Same, The (“What awful perspective! while from our sight”)	III.411
Saxon Conquest	III.372
Saxon Monasteries, and Lights and Shades of the Religion	III.379

Say, what is Honour?—Tis the finest sense	III.17
Say, ye far-travelled clouds, far-seeing hills	III.473
Scattering, like Birds escaped the Fowler's net	III.397
Scene in Venice	III.384
Scene	III.436
Scenery Between Namur and Liege	III.429
Scenes	I.39
Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned	III.605
Screams round the Arch-druid's brow the Seamew—white	III.369
Seathwaite Chapel	III.356
Seclusion	III.378
See the Condemned alone within his cell	III.559
See what gay wild flowers deck this earth-built Cot	III.478
See, where his difficult way that Old Man wins	III.550
Seek who will delight in fable	III.765
Sentiments of Affection for inanimate Nature	I.37
September 1st, 1802	I.643
September, 1802	I.644
September 1815	III.81
September, 1819	III.138
Septimi, Gades	I.57
Septimius and Acme	I.51
Septimius thus his [] love addressed	I.51
Sequel to the Foregoing [Beggars] composed many years after	III.111
Sequel to the Norman Boy	III.743
Serving no haughty Muse, my hands have here	III.732
Seven Daughters had Lord Archibald	I.612
Seven Sisters, Or the Solitude of Binnorie, The	I.612
Shame on this faithless heart! that could allow	III.142
She dwelt among th' untrodden ways	I.401
She had a tall Man's height, or more	I.619
She was a Phantom of delight	I.593
She wept.—Life's purple tide began to flow	I.21
Sheep-washing	III.359
Shepherd of Bield Crag, The	II.570
Shipwreck of the Soul	I.47
Shout, for a mighty Victory is won!	I.651
Show me the noblest Youth of present time	III.617
Shun not this Rite, neglected, yea abhorred	III.425
Sigh no more Ladies, sigh no more	III.746
Simon Lee, The Old Huntsman, with an incident in which he was concerned	I.327
Since risen from ocean, ocean to defy	III.498

Six months to six years added, He remain'd	III.52
Six thousand Veterans practis'd in War's game	I.650
Sky-Prospect—From the Plain of France	III.456
Small Celandine, The (“There is a Flower, the Lesser Celandine”)	I.671
Small service is true service while it lasts	III.704
Smile of the Moon—for so I name	III.109
So fair, so sweet, withal so sensitive	III.764
Soft as a cloud is yon blue Ridge—the Mere	III.689
Sole listener, Duddon! to the breeze that play'd	III.351
Solitary Reaper, The	I.656
Some minds have room alone for pageant stories	I.726
Somnambulist, The	III.513
Son of my buried Son, while thus thy hand	III.736
Song (“She dwelt among th' untrodden ways”)	I.401
Song, at the Feast of Brougham Castle	I.703
Song for the Spinning Wheel Founded upon a Belief Prevalent among the Pastoral Vales of Westmorland	III.46
Song for the Wandering Jew	I.420
Sonnet (“The Stars are Mansions built by Nature's hand”)	III.115
Sonnet. (Composed at —— Castle.)	I.664
Sonnet. A Prophecy. Feb. 1807	I.694
Sonnet. September 25th, 1803	I.743
Sonnet on Milton	III.12
Sonnet, on seeing a tuft of snowdrops in a storm	III.136
Sonnet, on seeing Miss Helen Maria Williams weep at a Tale of Distress	I.21
Sonnet, on the detraction which followed the publication of a certain poem	III.138
Sonnet on the Projected Kendal and Windermere Railway	III.764
Sonnet, on the same occasion. February 1816	III.98
Sonnet, To Thomas Clarkson, On the final passing of the Bill for the Abolition of the Slave Trade, March, 1807	I.694
Sonnet written by Mr —— immediately after the death of his Wife	I.21
Sonnets Composed or Suggested during a tour in Scotland, in the Summer of 1833.	III.488
Sonnets Dedicated to Liberty and Order	III.561
Sonnets Dedicated to Liberty	I.639
Sonnets, suggested by Mr. W. Westall's views of the caves, &c. in Yorkshire	III.134
Sonnets upon the Punishment of Death. In Series	III.555
Soon did the Almighty Giver of all rest	III.754
Source of the Danube, The	III.433
Spade! with which Wilkinson hath till'd his Lands	I.702
Spanish Guerillas. 1811	III.33
Sparrow's Nest, The	I.673

Sponsors	III.418
St. Catherine of Ledbury	III.611
St. Paul's	II.291
Stanzas, Composed in the Semplon Pass	III.450
Stanzas on the Power of Sound	III.623
Stanzas Suggested in a Steam-Boat off St. Bees' Heads, on the Coast of Cumberland	III.518
Stanzas written in my Pocket copy of the Castle of Indolence	I.732
Star Gazers	I.686
Stay, bold Adventurer; rest awhile thy limbs	III.42
Stay, little cheerful Robin! stay	III.755
Stay near me—do not take thy flight!	I.667
Steamboats, Viaducts, and Railways	III.507
Stepping Westward	I.657
Stepping-stones, The	III.352
Stern Daughter of the Voice of God!	I.617
Strange fits of passion I have known	I.400
Strange visitation! at Jemima's lip	III.592
Stranger, 'tis a sight of pleasure	III.126
Stranger, this hillock of mishapen stones	I.428
Stretched on the dying Mother's lap, lies dead	III.506
Struggle of the Britons against the Barbarians	III.372
Such age how beautiful! O Lady bright	III.591
Such contrast, in whatever track we move	III.400
Such fruitless questions may not long beguile	III.355
Suggested by a beautiful ruin upon one of the islands of Loch Lomond, a place chosen for the retreat of a solitary individual, from whom this habitation acquired the name of The Brownie's Cell	III.55
Suggested by a Picture of the Bird of Paradise	III.750
Suggested by a View from an Eminence in Inglewood Forest	III.481
Suggested by the View of Lancaster Castle (On the Road from the South)	III.555
Supposed Address to the Same, 1810	III.30
Surprized by joy—impatient as the Wind	III.49
Sweet Flower! belike one day to have	I.750
Sweet Highland Girl, a very shower	I.662
Sweet is the holiness of Youth"—so felt	III.395
Sweet was the Walk along the narrow Lane	I.48
Swiftly turn the murmuring wheel!	III.46
Sylph was it? or a Bird more bright	III.663
Tables Turned, The	I.366
Take, cradled Nursling of the mountain, take	III.350
Tale of Peter Bell	I.492
Tax not the royal Saint with vain expense	III.411

Tell me, ye Zephyrs! that unfold	III.578
Temptations from Roman Refinements	III.371
Tenderly do we feel by Nature's law	III.555
Thanks for the lessons of this Spot—fit school	III.501
Thanksgiving after Childbirth	III.424
That gloomy cave, that gothic nich	III.643
That happy gleam of vernal eyes	III.616
That heresies should strike (if truth be scanned	III.372
That is work which I am rueing—	I.698
That vast eugh-tree, pride of Lorton Vale	I.747
That way look, my Infant, lo!	I.609
The Ball whizzed by—it grazed his ear	III.729
The Baptist might have been ordain'd to cry	III.547
The Bard, whose soul is meek as dawning day	III.79
The barren wife all sad in mind	I.72
The captive Bird was gone;—to cliff or moor	III.499
The cattle crowding round this beverage clear	III.491
The cock is crowing	I.669
The confidence of Youth our only Art	III.431
The Crescent-moon, the Star of Love	III.747
The Danish Conqueror, on his royal chair	III.100
The dew was falling fast, the stars began to blink	I.438
The embowering Rose, the Acacia, and the Pine	III.43
The encircling ground, in native turf array'd	III.410
The fairest, brightest hues of ether fade	III.47
The feudal Keep, the bastions of Cohorn	III.494
The floods are roused, and will not soon be weary	III.507
The forest huge of ancient Caledon	III.481
The formal World relaxes her cold chain	III.560
The gallant Youth, who may have gained	III.469
The gentlest Poet, with free thoughts endowed	III.750
The gentlest Shade that walked Elysian Plains	III.36
The glory of evening was spread through the west	I.370
The God of Love—ah benedicite!	II.643
The hour-bell sounds and I must go	I.70
The Imperial Consort of the Fairy King	III.366
The imperial Stature, the colossal stride	III.569
The Kirk of Ulpha to the Pilgrim's eye	III.362
The Knight had ridden down from Wensley Moor	I.377
The Lady whom you here behold	III.601
The Land we from our Fathers had in trust	III.20
The leaves that rustled on this oak-crowned hill	III.690
The Linnet's warble, sinking towards a close	III.688

The little hedge-row birds	I.367
The lovely Nun (submissive but more meek	III.392
The Lovers took within this ancient grove	III.505
The martial courage of a day is vain—	III.33
The massy Ways, carried across these Heights	III.592
The May is come again:—how sweet	I.682
The Minstrels played their Christmas tune	III.363
The moaning owl shall soon	I.42
The most alluring clouds that mount the sky	III.758
The old inventive Poets, had they seen	III.357
The oppression of the tumult—wrath and scorn—	III.373
The peace which Others seek they find	I.726
The Pibroch's note, discountenanced or mute	III.474
The ploughboy by his gingling wane	I.39
The Post-boy drove with fierce career	I.622
The power of Armies is a visible thing	III.34
The prayers I make will then be sweet indeed	I.634
The rains at length have ceas'd, the winds are still'd	I.759
The Roman Consul doomed his sons to die	III.556
The Sabbath bells renew the inviting peal	III.424
The Scottish Broom on Bird-nest brae	III.131
The Sheep-boy whistled loud, and lo!	I.755
The Shepherd, looking eastward, softly said	III.11
The soaring Lark is blest as proud	III.667
The Spirit of Antiquity, enshrined	III.428
The Star that comes at close of day to shine	III.740
The Stars are Mansions built by Nature's hand	III.115
The struggling Rill insensibly is grown	III.352
The Sun has long been set	I.668, III.692
The sun is couched, the sea-fowl gone to rest	III.691
The sun is dead—ye heard the curfew toll	I.21
The Sun, that seemed so mildly to retire	III.691
The Swallow, that hath lost	I.739
The sylvan slopes with corn-clad fields	III.138
The taper turn'd from blue to red	I.39
The tears of man in various measure gush	III.395
The torrent's yelling Spectre, seen	I.41
The Turban'd Race are poured in thickening swarms	III.383
The unremitting voice of nightly streams	III.616
The valley rings with mirth and joy	I.409
The Vested Priest before the Altar stands	III.423
The Virgin Mountain, wearing like a Queen	
The Virgin Mountain, wearing like a Queen	III.399

The Voice of Song from distant lands shall call	I.642
The western clouds a deepening gloom display	I.54
The wind is now thy organist;—a clank	III.473
The woman-hearted Confessor prepares	III.382
The world forsaken, all its busy cares	III.544
The world is too much with us; late and soon	I.637
The Young-ones gathered in from hill and dale	III.416
Then did dire forms and ghastly faces float	I.47
There are no colours in the fairest sky	III.403
There is a bondage which is worse to bear	I.648
There is a change—and I am poor	I.699
There is a Flower, the Lesser Celandine	I.671
There is a law severe of penury	I.485
There is a pleasure in poetic pains	III.606
There is a thorn; it looks so old	I.335
There is a trickling water, neither rill	I.720
There is an Eminence,—of these our hills	I.458
There never breathed a man who when his life	III.25
There!” said a Stripling, pointing with meet pride	III.504
There was a Boy, ye knew him well, ye Cliffs	I.383
There was a roaring in the wind all night	I.624
There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream	I.712
There’s an old man in London, the prime of old men	I.476
There’s George Fisher, Charles Fleming, and Reginald Shore	I.448
There’s not a nook within this solemn Pass	III.474
There’s something in a flying horse	I.487
These chairs they have no words to utter	I.731
These times touch money’d Worldlings with dismay	I.648
These Tourists, Heaven preserve us! needs must live	I.384
These Vales were saddened with no common gloom	III.573
These who gave earliest notice, as the Lark	III.388
These words were utter’d in a pensive mood	I.630
They called Thee merry England, in old time	III.489
They dreamt not of a perishable home	III.411
They seek, are sought; to daily battle led	III.33
They—who have seen the noble Roman’s scorn	III.537
This Book, which strives to express in tuneful sound	I.718
This Height a ministering Angel might select	III.42
This is the spot:—how mildly does the Sun	I.485
This Land of Rainbows, spanning glens whose walls	III.475
This Lawn, &c.	III.664
This Lawn, a carpet all alive	III.664
Tho’ searching damps and many an envious flaw	III.445

Thorn, The	I.335
Those breathing Tokens of your kind regard	III.669
Those old credulities, to nature dear	III.536
Those silver clouds collected round the sun	III.137
Thou look'st upon me, and dost fondly think	III.491
Thou sacred Pile! whose turrets rise	III.439
Thou who with youthful vigour rich, and light	I.56
Though I beheld at first with blank surprise	III.738
Though joy attend thee orient at the birth	III.479
Though many suns have risen and set	III.597
Though narrow be that Old Man's cares, and near	I.693
Though Pulpits and the Desk may fail	III.748
Though the bold wings of Poesy affect	III.750
Though the torrents from their fountains	I.420
Though to give timely warning and deter	III.558
Thought of a Briton on the Subjugation of Switzerland	I.645
Thought on the Seasons	III.683
Thoughts Suggested the Day Following on the Banks of Nith, near the Poet's Residence	III.727
Threats come which no submission may assuage	III.391
Three Cottage Girls, The	III.447
Three Graves, The	I.74
Three years she grew in sun and shower	I.436
Throned in the Sun's descending car	III.693
Through Cumbrian wilds, in many a mountain cove	III.70
Through shattered galleries, 'mid roofless halls	III.582
Thus far I write to please my Friend	III.571
Thus is the storm abated by the craft	III.389
Thy functions are ethereal	III.623
Tinker, The	I.718
Tis eight o'clock,—a clear March night	I.349
Tis gone—with old belief and dream	III.748
Tis He whose yester-evening's high disdain	III.734
Tis said that to the brow of yon fair hill	III.615
Tis said, fantastic Ocean doth enfold	III.427
Tis said, that some have died for love	I.412
To —— (“From the dark chambers of dejection freed”)	III.64
To —— (“Happy the feeling from the bosom thrown”)	III.602
To —— (“If these brief Records, by the Muses' art”)	III.603
To —— (“Let other Bards of Angels sing”)	III.580
To —— (“Look at the fate of summer Flowers”)	III.581
To —— (“O dearer far than light and life are dear”)	III.583
To —— (“Such age how beautiful! O Lady bright”)	III.591

To —— (“Those silver clouds collected round the sun”)	III.137
To —— (“Wait, prithee, wait!” this answer Lesbia threw)	III.612
To ——, on her first ascent to the summit of Helvellyn	III.106
To ——, upon the birth of her first-born child, March, 1833	III.694
To ——. With a selection from the poems of Anne, Countess of Winchelsea; and extracts of similar character from other writers; the whole transcribed by a female friend	III.141
To a Butterfly (“I’ve watch’d you now a full half hour”)	I.675
To a Butterfly (“Stay near me—do not take thy flight!”)	I.667
To a Friend, Composed near Calais, on the Road leading to Ardres, August 7th, 1802	I.640
To a Friend (On the Banks of the Derwent)	III.492
To a good Man of most dear memory	III.719
To a Highland Girl. (At Inversneyde, upon Loch Lomond.)	I.662
To a Lady, in Answer to a Request that I would write her a Poem upon Some Drawings that she had made of Flowers in the Island of Madeira	III.758
To a Painter	III.738
To a Redbreast—(In Sickness)	III.755
To a Sexton	I.416
To a Sky-lark (“Ethereal Minstrel! Pilgrim of the sky!”)	III.590
To a Sky-lark (“Up with me! up with me into the clouds!”)	I.620
To a Snow-drop, appearing very early in the Season	III.135
To a Young Lady, Who had been reproached for taking long Walks in the Country	I.684
To an Octogenarian	III.771
To appease the Gods; or public thanks to yield	III.451
To B. R. Haydon, Esq. On Seeing his Picture of Napoleon Buonaparte on the Island of St. Helena	III.679
To barren heath, and quaking fen	III.55
To Cordelia M——, Hallsteads, Ullswater	III.509
To Enterprize	III.457
To H. C., Six Years Old	I.614
To Henry Crabb Robinson	III.524
To Joanna	I.455
To kneeling Worshipers no earthly floor	III.425
To Lucca Giordano	III.774
To M. H. (“Our walk was far among the antient trees”)	I.461
To mark the white smoke rising slow	I.37
To May	III.597
To Melpomene	I.41
To public notice, with reluctance strong	III.71
To R. B. Haydon, Esq.	III.80
To Rotha Q ——	III.581

To S. H.	III.602
To Sleep ("A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by")	I.631
To Sleep ("Fond words have oft been spoken to thee, Sleep!")	I.632
To Sleep ("O gentle Sleep! do they belong to thee")	I.631
To the—— ("Lady! the songs of Spring were in the grove")	I.636
To the Author's Portrait	III.682
To the Clouds	II.292
To the Cuckoo ("Not the whole warbling grove in concert heard")	III.606
To the Cuckoo ("O blithe New-comer! I have heard")	I.674
To the Daisy ("In youth from rock to rock I went")	I.588
To the Daisy ("Sweet Flower! belike one day to have")	I.750
To the Daisy ("With little here to do or see")	I.688
To the Earl of Lonsdale	III.508
To the grove, the meadow, the well	I.739
To the Lady ——, On Seeing the Foundation Preparing for the Erection of —— Chapel, Westmoreland	III.573
To the Lady E. B. and the Hon. Miss P.	III.582
To the Memory of Raisley Calvert	I.638
To the Men of Kent. October, 1803	I.650
To the Moon. (Composed by the Sea-Side,—on the Coast of Cumberland.)	III.716
To the Moon. (Rydal.)	III.718
To the Pennsylvanians	III.565
To the Planet Venus, an Evening Star. Composed at Loch Lomond	III.479
To the Planet Venus, upon its Approximation (as an Evening Star) to the Earth, January 1838	III.731
To the Poet, Dyer	III.41
To the Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., Master of Harrow School, after the Perusal of his Theophilus Anglicanus, recently published	III.763
To the Rev. Dr. W——	III.363
To the Right Honorable William, Earl of Lonsdale, K. G. &c. &c.	II.298
To the River Derwent	III.490
To the River Duddon ("O mountain Stream! the Shepherd and his Cot")	I.633
To the River Greta, near Keswick	III.489
To the Same ("Enough of climbing toil!—Ambition treads")	III.123
To the Same ("Here let us rest—here, where the gentle beams")	III.122
To the Same Flower ("Bright Flower, whose home is every where!")	I.690
To the Same Flower ("Pleasures newly found are sweet")	I.599
To the Small Celandine ("Pansies, Lilies, Kingcups, Daisies")	I.597
To the Spade of a Friend	I.702
To the Torrent at the Devil's Bridge, North Wales	III.583
To the Utilitarians	III.701
To the Yoke he bends, / Receives the chain from Nature's conquering hand	II.568
To Toussaint L'Ouverture	I.643

Too frail to keep the lofty vow	III.727
Torquato Tasso rests within this Tomb	III.29
Torrent	I.41
Toussaint, the most unhappy Man of Men!	I.643
Town of Schwytz, The	III.438
Tracks let me follow far from human-kind	III.435
Tradition of Darley Dale, Derbyshire, A	III.615
Tradition	III.358
Tradition, be thou mute! Oblivion, throw	III.476
Tranquillity! the sovereign aim wert thou	III.506
Translation (“When Love was born of race divine”)	I.53
Translation from Ariosto, Orlando Furioso	I.740
Translation from Michelangelo. Fragment	I.749
Translation of the Bible	III.394
Translation of the Sestet of a Sonnet by Tasso	III.569
Translations from Metastasio	I.738
Translations of Chaucer and Virgil	II.635
Transubstantiation	III.388
Travelling	I.485
Trepidation of the Druids	III.369
Triad, The	III.617
Tributary Stream	III.357
Tribute to the Memory of the Same Dog	I.692
Troilus and Cresida, Translation of Chaucer’s	II.654
Trosachs, The	III.474
Troubled long with warring notions	III.129
Troubles of Charles the First	III.400
True is it that Ambrosio Salinero	III.23
Tuft of Primroses, The	II.274
Twas summer—and the sun was mounted high	I.286, 270; II.308
Two April Mornings, The	I.430
Two Thieves, Or the last Stage of Avarice, The	I.418
Two Voices are there; one is of the Sea	I.645
Tynwald Hill	III.497
Uncertainty	III.370
Under the shadow of a stately Pile	III.546
Ungrateful Country, if thou e’er forget	III.404
Unless to Peter’s Chair the viewless wind	III.385
Unquiet Childhood here by special grace	III.585
Untouched through all severity of cold	III.612
Up, Timothy, up with your Staff and away!	I.441
Up to the throne of God is borne	III.702
Up! up! my friend, and clear your looks	I.366

Up with me! up with me into the clouds!	I.620
Upon a Portrait	III.740
Upon Perusing the Foregoing Epistle Thirty Years after its Composition	III.754
Upon Seeing a Coloured Drawing of the Bird of Paradise in an Album	III.714
Upon the Late General Fast. March, 1832	III.561
Upon the Same Event	III.35
Upon the Same Occasion	III.139
Upon the Sight of a Beautiful Picture	III.35
Upon the sight of the Portrait of a female Friend.—	III.739
Upon those lips, those placid lips, I look	III.739
Urged by Ambition, who with subtlest skill	III.381
Vale of Esthwaite, The	I.23
Valedictory Sonnet	III.732
Vallombrosa! I longed in thy shadiest wood	III.450
Vallombrosa—I longed in thy shadiest wood	III.545
Vanguard of Liberty, ye Men of Kent	I.650
Various Extracts from The vale of Esthwaite A Poem. Written at Hawkshead in the Spring and Summer 1787	I.35
Vaudois, The	III.419
View from the Top of Black Comb	III.42
Virgil's Aeneid, Translation of	II.667
Virgin, The	III.393
Visitation of the Sick	III.424
Wait, prithee, wait!" this answer Lesbia threw	III.612
Waldenses	III.388
Walton's Book of "Lives"	III.403
Wanderer! that stoop'st so low, and com'st so near	III.716
Wansfell! this Household has a favoured lot	III.759
Ward of the Law!—dread Shadow of a King!	III.141
Warning, a Sequel to the Foregoing, The. March, 1833	III.697
Wars of York and Lancaster	III.389
Was it for this / That one, the fairest of all rivers, loved	I.530
Was it to disenchant, and to undo	III.430
Was the aim frustrated by force or guile	III.134
Watch, and be firm! for soul-subduing vice	III.371
Waterfall and the Eglantine, The	I.402
We Are Seven	I.332
We can endure that He should waste our lands	III.32
We gaze, not sad to think that we must die	III.740
We had a fellow-Passenger who came	I.643
We have not passed into a doleful City	III.504
We saw, but surely, in the motley crowd	III.500
We talk'd with open heart, and tongue	I.432

We walk'd along, while bright and red	I.430
Weak is the will of Man, his judgement blind	II.572; III.53
Weep not, beloved Friends! nor let the air	III.27
Well have yon Railway Labourers to this ground	III.769
Well sang the bard who called the Grave, in strains	III.477
Well worthy to be magnified are they	III.420
Were there, below, a spot of holy ground	I.97
Westmoreland Girl, The	III.765
What! Adam's eldest Son in this sweet strain!	III.571
What aim had they, the Pair of Monks, in size	III.544
What aspect bore the Man who roved or fled	III.352
What awful perspective! while from our sight	III.411
What Beast in wilderness or cultured field	III.389
What Beast of Chase hath broken from the cover?	III.451
What boots it, * *, that thy princely blood	I.60
What crowd is this? what have we here! we must not pass it by	I.686
What from the social chain can tear	I.40
What! He—who, mid the kindred throng	III.58
What heavenly smiles! O Lady mine"	III.759
What is good for a bootless bene?	II.633
What know we of the Blest above	III.436
What lovelier home could gentle Fancy chuse?	III.429
What mischief cleaves to unsubdued regret	III.693
What need of clamorous bells, or ribbands gay	III.48
What strong allurements draws, what spirit guides	III.731
What though the Accused, upon his own appeal	III.673
What though the Italian pencil wrought not here	III.465
What waste in the labour of Chariot and Steed!	I.722
What you are stepping westward?" — "Yea."	I.657
When Alpine Vales threw forth a suppliant cry	III.414
When, far and wide, swift as the beams of morn	III.35
When first, descending from the moorlands	III.723
When first I journey'd hither, to a home	I.723
When haughty expectations prostrate lie	III.136
When here with Carthage Rome to conflict came	III.539
When human touch, as monkish books attest	III.611
When I have borne in memory what has tamed	I.647
When in the antique age of bow and spear	III.576
When, looking on the present face of things	I.649
When Love was born of race divine	I.53
When Philoctetes in the Lemnian Isle	III.593
When Phoebus took delight on earth to dwell	II.660
When Ruth was left half desolate	I.421

When Severn's sweeping Flood had overthrown	III.754
When slow from pensive twilight's latest gleams	I.48
When the Brothers reach'd the gateway	I.603
When the soft hand of sleep had closed the latch	III.93
Whence that low voice?—A whisper from the heart	III.358
Where are they now, those wanton Boys?	III.111
Where art thou, my beloved Son	I.606
Where be the noisy followers of the game	III.457
Where be the Temples which in Britain's Isle	III.71
Where holy ground begins—unhallowed ends	III.569
Where lies the Land to which yon Ship must go	I.629
Where lies the truth? has Man, in wisdom's creed	III.773
Where long and deeply hath been fixed the root	III.423
Where Towers are crushed, and unforbidden weeds	III.551
Where were ye nymphs when the remorseless deep	I.22
Where will they stop, those breathing Powers	III.680
While beams of orient light shoot wide and high	III.759
While flowing Rivers yield a blameless sport	III.366
While from the purpling east departs	III.595
While Merlin paced the Cornish sands	III.630
While not a leaf seems faded,—while the fields	III.81
While poring Antiquarians search the ground	III.611
While the Poor gather round, till the end of time	III.482
While they, her Playmates once, light-hearted tread	III.590
White Doe of Rylstone, The; Or the Fate of the Nortons	II.572
Who but is pleased to watch the moon on high	III.773
Who comes with rapture greeted, and caress'd	III.402
Who fancied what a pretty sight	I.671
Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he	I.600
Who leads a happy life	I.718
Who ponders National events shall find	III.563
Who rashly strove thy Image to portray?	III.714
Who rises on the banks of Seine	III.98
Who swerves from innocence, who makes divorce	III.361
Who weeps for Strangers?—Many wept	III.13
Why art thou silent! Is thy love a plant	III.676
Why cast ye back upon the Gallic shore	III.456
Why, Minstrel, these untuneful murmurings—	III.588
Why should the Enthusiast, journeying through this Isle	III.489
Why should we weep or mourn, Angelic boy	III.770
Why sleeps the future, as a snake enrolled	III.412
Why stand we gazing on the sparkling Brine	III.495
Why, William, on that old grey stone	I.365

Wicliffe	III.389
Widow on Windermere Side, The	III.730
Wild Duck's Nest, The	III.366
William the Third	III.404
Wishing-gate, The	III.613
Wishing-gate Destroyed, The	III.748
With a Small Present	III.737
With copious eulogy in prose or rhyme	III.677
With each recurrence of this glorious morn	III.53
With earnest look, to every voyager	III.503
With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the sky	I.621
With little here to do or see	I.688
With sacrifice, before the rising morn	III.66
With Ships the sea was sprinkled far and nigh	I.632
With smiles each happy face was overspread	III.406
Within her gilded cage confined	III.584
Within the mind strong fancies work	III.120
Woe to the Crown that doth the Cowl obey!	III.381
Woe to you, Prelates! rioting in ease	III.390
Woman! the Power who left his throne on high	III.424
Would that our scrupulous Sires had dared to leave	III.407
Wouldst Thou be gathered to Christ's chosen flock	III.731
Wouldst thou be taught, when sleep has taken flight	III.741
Wren's Nest, A	III.684
Written at the Request of Sir George Beaumont, Bart. and in his Name, for an Urn, placed by him at the Termination of a newly-planted Avenue, in the same Grounds	III.44
Written in a Blank Leaf of Macpherson's Ossian	III.510
Written in an Album	III.704
Written in Germany, On one of the coldest days of the Century	I.440
Written in London, September, 1802	I.645
Written in March, While resting on the Bridge at the Foot of Brother's Water	I.669
Written in Mrs. Field's AlbumOpposite a Pen-and-ink Sketch in the Manner of a Rembrandt Etching done by Edmund Field	III.643
Written in very early Youth ("Calm is all nature as a resting wheel")	I.635
Written, November 13,1814, on a blank leaf in a Copy of the Author's Poem THE EXCURSION, upon hearing of the death of the late Vicar of Kendal	III.71
Written upon a Blank Leaf in "The Complete Angler"	III.366
Written upon a fly leaf in the Copy of the Author's Poems which was sent to her Majesty Queen Victoria	III.772
Written with a Slate-pencil, on a Stone, on the Side of the Mountain of Black Comb	III.42

Yarrow Revisited	III.469
Yarrow Revisited, and Other Poems . . . 1831	III.469
Yarrow Unvisited	I.665
Yarrow Visited, September, 1814	III.62
Ye Apennines! with all your fertile vales	III.524
Ye brood of conscience—Spectres! that frequent	III.557
Ye Lime-trees, ranged before this hallowed Urn	III.44
Ye now are panting up life's hill!	I.664
Ye sacred Nurseries of blooming Youth!	III.142
Ye shadowy Beings, that have rights and claims	III.501
Ye Storms, resound the praises of your King!	III.98
Ye, too, must fly before a chasing hand	III.392
Ye trees! whose slender roots entwine	III.548
Ye vales and hills whose beauty hither drew	III.763
Ye who with buoyant spirits blessed	I.55
Yes! full surely 'twas the Echo	I.701
Yes, if the intensities of hope and fear	III.406
Yes! hope may with my strong desire keep pace	I.633
Yes, there is holy pleasure in thine eye!	I.693
Yes! thou art fair, yet be not moved	III.768
Yes, though He well may tremble at the sound	III.560
Yet are they here?—the same unbroken knot	I.672
Yet more,—round many a Convent's blazing fire	III.391
Yet some, Noviciates of the cloistral shade	III.392
Yet Truth is keenly sought for, and the wind	III.402
Yet, yet, Biscayans, we must meet our Foes	III.31
[Yew Trees]	I.748
Yon hamlet far across the vale	I.41
You call it, "Love lies bleeding,"—so you may	III.703
You have heard "a Spanish Lady	III.658
Young England—what is then become of Old	III.567
1810 ("Ah! where is Palafox? Nor tongue nor pen")	III.18
1810 ("O'erweening Statesmen have full long relied")	III.31
1811 ("They seek, are sought; to daily battle led")	III.34

Wordsworth from Humanities-Ebooks

The Fenwick Notes of William Wordsworth, edited by Jared Curtis†

The Cornell Wordsworth: a Supplement, edited by Jared Curtis ††

The Prose Works of William Wordsworth, Volume 1, edited by W. J. B. Owen and Jane Worthington Smyser (Volumes 2 and 3 in preparation.) †

Wordsworth's Convention of Cintra, a Bicentennial Critical Edition, edited by W. J. B. Owen, with a critical symposium by Simon Bainbridge, David Bromwich, Timothy Michael and Patrick Vincent [June 2009]

Wordsworth's Political Writings, edited by W. J. B. Owen and Jane Worthington Smyser. Reading texts of *A Letter to the Bishop of Llandaff*, *The Convention of Cintra*, *Two Addresses to the Freeholders of Westmorland*, and the *1835 Postscript*. †

Other Literary Titles

John Beer, *Coleridge the Visionary*

John Beer, *Blake's Humanism*

Richard Gravil, ed., *Master Narratives: Tellers and Telling in the English Novel. Essays for Bill Ruddick*

Richard Gravil and Molly Lefebure, eds, *The Coleridge Connection: Essays for Thomas McFarland*

John K. Hale, *Milton as Multilingual*

Simon Hull, ed., *The British Periodical Text, 1796–1832*

W. J. B. Owen, *Understanding The Prelude*

Pamela Perkins, ed., *Francis Jeffrey: Unpublished Tours*. * [June 2009]

Keith Sagar, *D. H. Lawrence: Poet* †

† Also available in paperback, †† hardback

<http://www.humanities-ebooks.co.uk>

all available to libraries from MyiLibrary.com